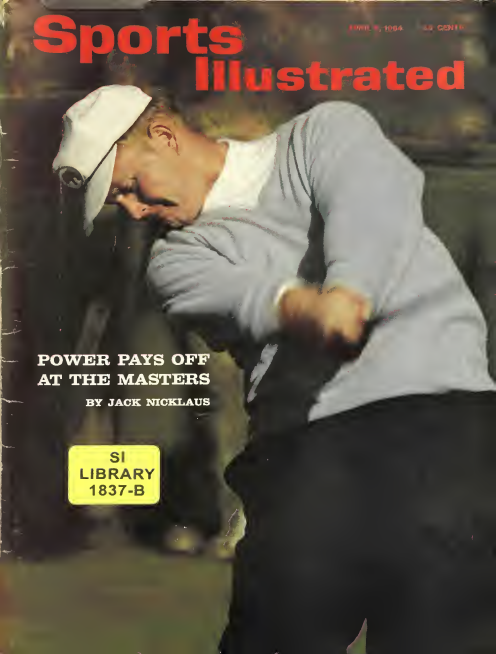


Sports Illustrated



APRIL 9, 1964

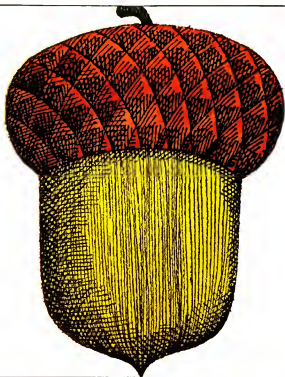
43 CENTS

POWER PAYS OFF AT THE MASTERS

BY JACK NICKLAUS

**SI
LIBRARY
1837-B**

GROWTH



Today, GT&E is quite an acorn. ■ We conduct research, manufacture telephone equipment, print telephone directories, and operate telephone companies in 32 states. ■ But wait till you see the oak! ■ We're planted in the areas of America where the growth is greatest. We've

branched out into the complementary fields of electronics and visual communications. And to make sure we keep growing, we continue investing more in basic research and plant facilities. ■ More reason for the dynamic and continuous growth of GT&E.

Sharing greatly in America's growth

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS 

190 THIRD AVE., NY 10037 • ST&E SUBSIDIARIES: General Telephone Operating Co. in 32 states • GT&E Laboratories • GT&E International • General Telephone Directory Co. • American Electric • Larkspur Electric • Syntex Electric

Note: These "Memo to Advertisers" pages appear only in the copies of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** that go to our friends in the advertising business.

memo

TO ADVERTISERS

FROM STEPHEN E. KELLY

APRIL 8, 1964

Six inches to your left you will see an acorn. This acorn is the "nut" of the first advertisement in General Telephone and Electronics' new corporate-image campaign to appear in **SI**.

This new GT&E campaign represents a dramatic change in tack in that corporation's advertising, and is an effort to build a new image for the company—that of an over-all communications system, not simply a telephone company. As the ad says, "Today, GT&E is quite an acorn... But wait till you see the oak!"

Says G. P. Norton, Vice President for Advertising of General Telephone and Electronics, "We chose **SI** to add a fresh dimension to

our corporate communications plan. **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** reaches business, government and thought leaders through the world of sport and recreation."

He continues: "**SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**'s readers are an influential market we want to impress with our corporate message, and the magazine itself is a marketplace that reflects GT&E's image of modernity, dynamism and growth."

Coming up in **SI** are more ads in the campaign, with large, bold illustrations and one-word headlines ("TOMORROW," "STRENGTH") which delineate the themes

GROWTH



Today, GT&E is a company of communications systems and services for people, places, and things. Tomorrow, we will be a company of communications systems and services for people, places, and things.

Today, GT&E is a company of communications systems and services for people, places, and things. Tomorrow, we will be a company of communications systems and services for people, places, and things.

GT&E

WIRELESS • WIRE-LINED

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

NEW YORK, NEW YORK • CHICAGO, ILL. • PHOENIX, ARIZ. • SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. • LOS ANGELES, CALIF. • DALLAS, TEX. • HOUSTON, TEX. • MIAMI, FLA. • JACKSONVILLE, FLA. • TAMPA, FLA. • ORLANDO, FLA. • FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA. • MIAMI BEACH, FLA. • FORT MYERS, FLA. • SEASIDE, CALIF. • SAN DIEGO, CALIF. • SAN JOSE, CALIF. • OAKLAND, CALIF. • ALBUQUERQUE, N.M. • DENVER, COLO. • KANSAS CITY, MO. • ST. LOUIS, MO. • CINCINNATI, OH. • CLEVELAND, OH. • PITTSBURGH, PA. • PHILADELPHIA, PA. • NEW YORK, N.Y. • BOSTON, MASS. • WASHINGTON, D.C. • BALTIMORE, MD. • RICHMOND, VA. • NORFOLK, VA. • WASHINGTON FIELD OFFICE

that GT&E and its agency, Kudner, want to put forward: growth, innovation and diversification.

GT&E is one of an increasing number of companies which are placing corporate and business campaigns in SI because SI provides both the right audience and a fresh and vital marketplace for such campaigns.

In the front of this issue you will find one of Olin Corporation's 4-color corporate ads. Olin's 1964 corporate campaign makes a variety of points about the corporation's policies, using different divisions as cases in point. The ad in this issue features Olin's Winchester

division to point up the lengths Olin goes to in testing and proving its new products. As the ad says, "Africa too far to go? Not for Olin. Just one step in our endless testing program."

U.S. Steel has a double purpose in using SI. Its corporate campaign, which stresses U.S. Steel's continual development of special steels for special purposes in automobile manufacture, is aimed at a) SI's large car-owning audience and b) the automobile industry's management in Detroit (large consumers of USS' products). You will see one of the ads in this campaign in the front of this issue.

In this issue, too, you will find an ad ad-

(continued on back flap of this insert)

Average Issue

Professional-Managerial Audience

By Company Size

1000 or More Employees

By Age—50 Years & Under

U.S. Total: 1,695,000

	SI	Newsweek	Time	U.S. News
Number (000)	252	211	491	218
Number Per 100 Copies	26	14	17	18
C/M	\$28.57	\$43.84	\$32.86	\$34.17

Average Issue

Adult Male Audience

U.S. Total: 56,915,000

	SI	Newsweek	Time	U.S. News
Number (000)	4,189	5,564	6,943	3,669
Number Per 100 Copies	434	376	244	297
C/M	\$1.72	\$1.66	\$2.32	\$2.03

Average Issue

Adult Male Audience

By Index of Social Position—Class I

U. S. Total: 2,268,000

	SI	Newsweek	Time	U.S. News
Number (000)	518	520	962	515
Number Per 100 Copies	54	35	34	42
C/M	\$13.99	\$17.78	\$16.77	\$14.47

Make believe
you own a Renault.



Cut out this automatic pushbutton panel and paste it on your dashboard. Now let's see you try to coax 40 miles a gallon from *your* car.



Some cars offer automatic transmission. Some cars offer great mileage. Renault offers you both. Plus 4-wheel disc brakes, comfortable seating for 4 grown-ups and beautiful styling. For a lot less than you think. If making believe won't really satisfy you, forget about pasting our pushbutton panel on your dashboard. It won't help. Honest. Come in for a free test ride and drive the real thing instead. Then try making believe you'll ever be happy with anything but a Renault.



The new **Super Grip** glove that will improve your game!

(READING TIME: 88 SECONDS)



1. NEW CONFIDENCE when you address the ball. Now, you can relax. The club can't slip in your hand when you're wearing Edmont's new Super Grip Golf Glove. Its special vinyl-treated palm grips tight to give you that "long ball" feeling.



2. BETTER CONTROL Hitting that narrow fairway or punching an iron dead on the pin, Super Grip helps you keep the firmness you want, helps you keep your shot on target. Won't slip. Can't slip . . . even when wet . . . even in a downpour.



3. ADDED COMFORT. No more sticky, sweaty palms. Normal hand movements pump cooling air through hundreds of tiny stretch-open pores. No perspiration dry-out as with leather. Your Super Grip stays soft and comfortable.



4. SNUG FITTING. Super Grip's nylon mesh back and special knit liner stretch for easy on and off, yet assure snug fit while you're playing. Unique lifetime Velcro® wrist strap is adjustable, fits perfectly. Can't jam, stretch or snap loose.



5. LONG WEARING. Vinyl-treated palm, lasts and lasts. Resists perspiration and club-handle friction. Stress areas triple stitched for added life. And your new Edmont Super Grip is machine washable, too. Won't shrink, fade or lose its grip.



6. HANDY BALL MARKER snaps on wrist strap. Convenient, always ready to use, saves digging in pockets. Look for the new Edmont Super Grip Golf Glove at your pro shop. Choice of colors. Sizes for men and women. About \$3.



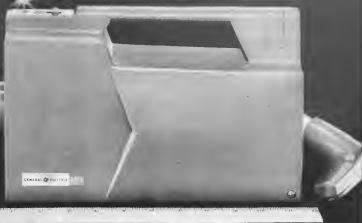
Hundreds of tiny stretch-open pores keep palm cool.

Super Grip Golf Glove by Edmont

AT YOUR PRO SHOP, ABOUT \$3 • Made by the makers of Green Thumb garden gloves

MV-1
THE NEW
GE
PORTABLE
CLEANER

GE GENERAL ELECTRIC
 * Cordless Vacuum
 * 120 VOLT
 * 1000 WATT



(LESS THAN 12" LONG!)

IMAGINE!
A PORTABLE CLEANER
THIS SMALL

THAT CAN DO ALL THESE THINGS



AND DO THEM SO POWERFULLY WELL!

IMAGINE a portable cleaner that is as easy to carry as your handbag...as light, and easy-to-use as a dustrag...yet is so powerful it will make dirt, dust, lint vanish from everywhere in your home...even picks up surface spills from rugs or carpet! Walls, bare floors...stairs...hard-to-reach places that need dusting...cars...boats...patios, you name it...this new General Electric Portable Cleaner can clean it. Ask your General Electric dealer for a demonstration. Better yet, ask him to let you try the new Portable Cleaner for yourself!

*General Electric Company, Home Care and Comfort Products Department,
 Bridgeport, Connecticut*



ALL THESE ATTACHMENTS ARE INCLUDED!
 • Bare floor tool • Upholstery and fabric nozzle • Dusting brush
 • Crevice cleaner • Plus, easy-to-empty cloth bag

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



Will he master the wind like Jimmy Demaret?

When a strong wind blows, they call it a "Jimmy Demaret day." With good reason. For no one ever played the wind with the skill of the genial golfing great from Texas. Three-time winner of the Masters, Jimmy Demaret is now a member of the Professional Golfers' Hall of Fame.

Not every youngster can be a Jimmy Demaret. In fact, very few even participate in organized sporting events much less become stars. But every young person—if only a spectator—can be as physically fit

as the most talented athlete.

Our national leaders have stated that physical fitness, particularly the fitness of our young people, has never been more important than it is today.

To support the national fitness program, Equitable has prepared a special film: "Youth Physical Fitness—A Report to the Nation." If you would like to borrow a print of this film for showing to community groups, contact your nearest Equitable office or write to Equitable's home office.

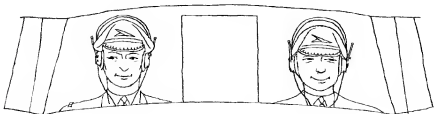
The **EQUITABLE** Life Assurance Society of the United States

Home Office: 1220 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N. Y. 10019 ©1964
See the Equitable Pavilion when you visit the New York World's Fair.

For an attractive 7½ by 11 inch reproduction of this drawing, send your name and address and the words, Jimmy Demaret, to: Equitable, G.P.O. Box 1828, New York, N. Y. 10001.



Hate driving on weekends?



Not us.

When the traffic's so bad the trip's hardly worth taking, take it on Allegheny Airlines. Make it easy on yourself . . . and on your wallet, too. Every Saturday and Sunday, we reduce round-trip fares at least 37%. And you can fly back any Saturday or Sunday within thirty days. Can you think of a swifter, thriftier, more trouble-free way to the New York World's Fair? Or anywhere else in our 12 busy states, for that matter? The worst time to drive is the best time to fly . . . on weekends. Let Allegheny take you out of the driver's seat. For less.

ALLEGHENY AIRLINES
YOUR FLIGHT GATE TO THE WORLD'S FAIR



**This 30' Constellation has the look and feel of a big yacht.
Most thirty-footers don't.
Read how Chris-Craft gets more boat in less space.**

Thirty feet is an excellent size for a boat. It's big enough to handle twin engines, to maintain stability in rough water, to sleep six, and to entertain a good-sized party aboard.

But between most thirty-footers and this Constellation lies an ocean of difference. Years of boat building have taught Chris-Craft many secrets of how to get more boat in less space. Here are some of them:

1. Space engineering. When you step into the cabin you're impressed by its spaciousness. The bulkheads are low and the window areas are big. The beam is 10'8", and there's no hull space wasted. Every inch is turned into room you can use. Even the colors of the draperies, full carpeting, natural-wood paneling, and headlining are carefully selected to contribute to the bright, airy feeling.

2. Full-size accommodations. Comfort is the main consideration, and six-footers

have no trouble sleeping aboard this boat. All sleeping areas are king size, with foam mattresses for firm support.

3. Convenience. There is room to work in the galley. The stove is recessed to add even more counterspace to an already generous amount. Disbracks, drawers, and cabinets give you plenty of storage space. The sink is stainless steel.

4. Big-yacht performance. Swift, easy-riding, and effortless to handle, this Constellation treats big waves like they were ripples. The hull, with its solid Philippine mahogany side planking and double-planked bottom, is the champion all-round performer of all time. Twin 185-hp Chris-Craft V8 engines provide the speed you want and the dependability you need.

5. Exterior design. Constellations are the boats others copy, but they're usually several years behind. And they don't always succeed in capturing Constellation *higness*. The cockpit on this

thirty-footer is huge. It's well-protected with quarter and taffrails, fully paneled, and decked with a white-ribbed vinyl that stands up to shoe scuffs and other abuse, yet washes down in a minute. The forward deck has a big, foam-cushioned sun lounge, a special feature usually found on larger Constellations only. The cabin top is moulded fiberglass for both styling and easy maintenance. And a hardtop and Command Bridge are available at extra cost.

This is a remarkable boat for one that takes only thirty feet of dock space. You should see it if you're thinking of buying a six-sleeper. Your Chris-Craft dealer will be glad to give you more information on this model or any of the other new Constellations, from 27 to 65 feet. See him soon. For literature write Chris-Craft, Pompano Beach, Florida.

Chris-Craft



"Him? He made an
Old Fashioned and
forgot the Angostura!"

ANGOSTURA
AROMATIC BITTERS



Drinkable but
unthinkable—a Manhattan
or Old Fashioned without
Angostura! Don't forget the
Angostura. Dash it in first!
FREE! Professional Mixing Guide
with correct recipes for 256 great
drinks. Write Angostura, Box 1235,
Elmhurst 73, N. Y.

SHOPWALK

A new shop in Los Angeles has become
a gatherin' place for tennis "insiders"

A new shop called The Tennis Set in Los Angeles is the place to go for the latest in equipment, clothing and tennis conversation. Its customers include professional tennis players and amateurs from the movie colony. Housed in a small, elegant Hollywood Norman structure—a Sunset Strip landmark since the early 1940's, when it was built by the late movie-set couturier, Gilbert Adrian—the shop displays in its large window French antiques that are not for sale along with up-to-the-minute court accessories that are. The interior is like a stage set, the walls painted white and bright blue. It has artificial trees and a patch of vivid hocus grass. An enormous blue, felt-covered table stands on the grass. Customers sit around the table for coffee and tennis talk.

The owner of The Tennis Set is Florence Allen, who was a professional tennis player at 18, and before that was ranked sixth in California among amateurs. When she isn't minding the store with the help of two assistants, Flo Allen teaches on private courts in Beverly Hills.

"We play tennis at night as well as during the day all year round," says Flo Allen, "so sweaters are a must." A new favorite with both men and women is a white Swiss cotton-velour pullover with V neck and narrow red-and-blue trim at the neckline, sleeves and waistline (\$18). Another woman's sweater looks like heavy silk knit but is really wash-and-wear acetate. A short-sleeved, crew-neck version is \$15; with a red-and-blue-banded V neck and long sleeves it is \$20.

Shorts are no longer the California uniform. "During the day most of the girls play in very short tennis dresses," says Miss Allen. "And, except in tournament play, they wear more color here than they do in the East." The soft, feminine fabrics found all over the sportswear market this spring are seen in two of The Tennis Set's prettiest dresses. A dotted Swiss dress with scalloped Peter Pan collar and hemline costs \$25. An embroidered cotton cyclot dress in pastel blue, pink or yellow costs \$30. There are blue, pink and yellow tennis shoes to match for \$6.

For play in cool weather, Miss Allen's women customers prefer white slacks in flannel or sharkskin, paired with a white handmade cable-knit sweater (\$25) or a pastel mohair one with crocheted edging. The mohair cardigan costs \$23, and a pullover version is \$30. Also available are women's slacks that look like wool

continued

WOMEN DIG IT!

THAT MAN by REVLO



A GENTLEMAN'S COLOGNE
ALSO TALC, SOAP, AFTER-SHAVE



EXCLAMATION POINT . . . used at the end of a sentence . . . denotes excitement . . . the kind you feel when you drink a bottle of LABATT'S PILSENER LAGER BEER or INDIA PALE ALE. Yes, just like an exclamation point, LABATT'S prize winning brews add meaning to a meal. Why not punctuate your pleasure with LABATT'S? It's an expression of importance!

IMPORTED

Labatt's

**Pilsener Beer
India Pale Ale**



Labatt Importers Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

WISPRIDE®

The better cheddar served at the OCEAN HOUSE*, Watch Hill, R.I.

Incomparable cheddar-in-the-crock flavor. Comes in old fashioned stone jars filled with irresistible sharp, wine and brandy flavored cheddar cheese feed—also in handy wedges and plastic cups in a wide variety of enticing flavors including blue, garlic, smoked and pimento. Wispride—the very best.

*And hundreds of other famous clubs, hotels and restaurants.



SHOPWALK continued

flannel but are made of a washable cotton-and-Dacron mixture. They have welt seams and an adjustable waistband and cost \$12.50. Wool flannel slacks are also available for \$23.

Taking its cue from the off-white ecru of expensive wool flannel worn by many tournament players, The Tennis Set has collected an assortment of tennis wear in this shade. Ecru is also used in a new three-piece wash-and-wear flannel group consisting of short shorts (\$11) that are worn under a short pleated skirt (\$17) with a sleeveless, collarless overblouse (\$12). A cardigan is made of cotton and linen. Its V neck has a hand-crocheted edge. It costs \$23 for women, \$25 for men. A tennis shirt for men is made of ecru cotton lisle and costs \$9. And a cashmere sweater for men, its V neck banded in red and blue, sells for \$36.

Pleatless tennis shorts for men made of cotton or stretch nylon and cotton cost \$11. Short short styles for the lean and young, with three-inch inseams and Continental side pockets, go for \$9.

For clubhouse and sideline wear, Flo Allen has tennis blazers with natural shoulders, lapped seams and hooked center vents. They come in navy, white, red, black and camel and cost \$40 for men, \$26 for women. Made-to-order white flannel slacks for men take about one week to make and cost \$35.

Among the best-selling items in the shop is a narrow (12½-inch by 48-inch) terry-cloth tennis towel with embroidered blue-and-red crossed rackets. It sells for \$4, and can be monogrammed for 50¢ a letter.

A good-looking cinch belt to wear with tennis shorts or slacks, introduced at S. J. Feron's in New York last summer, is now available at The Tennis Set for \$4. It is made of multicolored-stripped grosgrain ribbon, one inch wide. An imported French tote bag is made to carry tennis rackets, balls, shoes, towels and other tennis gear. Made of navy blue canvas with a waterproof lining, it measures 17 inches long, 12 inches high and 7 inches deep. It is \$6.

Next to taking all your tennis sitting down, the last word in nonathletic involvement with this otherwise strenuous sport is a distinctly antifitness device called The Tennis Ball Caddy. It's a lightweight plastic pail with a hole in the bottom that is attached to the end of a waist-high collapsible pole. It is capable of shagging as many as 42 balls at a time on a practice court with no stoop involved for the shagger. It is yours for \$20.

For out-of-town tennis shoppers a catalog is available. Write The Tennis Set at 8600 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles.

—JULE CAMPBELL



YOUR CADILLAC DEALER INVITES YOU TO BE HIS GUEST

The driver's seat of a 1964 Cadillac is reserved for your approval—and it's more tempting than ever before! Settle back against select fabrics and soft, perforated leathers that breathe comfort and luxury. Bring the new powerful engine to life with a turn of the key. Nudge the accelerator. Feel

*Two great new V-8's cost \$27900.

the smooth flow of power of the improved Hydra-Matic—or, on some models, the brilliant new Turbo Hydra-Matic. Just wait till you see all the new features Cadillac is offering this year—like the Twilight Sentinel Headlight Control* and Comfort Control*. But most of all—just wait till you drive it!

Cadillac Motor Car Division • General Motors Corporation





wrong
right

A Munsingwear Grand Slam golf shirt, of course. Vycron® polyester and cotton mesh keeps its fresh-from-the-box look always. Worn by professional golfer, Dow Finsterwald. Style 2870, with patented nylon reinforced underarm gusset*. 2½" longer shirt tail. Machine washable, won't shrink out of fit. \$5.



Munsingwear

Vycron®

it's worth the difference

4415 Pk 285A100

Munsingwear, Inc., Minneapolis 5, Minnesota

Royal announces: the first registered golf ball



It never made sense to register a golf ball before. Because no top-line ball was clearly better than another. Now one is. It's the new Royal.

How is it made better? With extraordinary diligence, talented people, and infinite precision, right down the line.

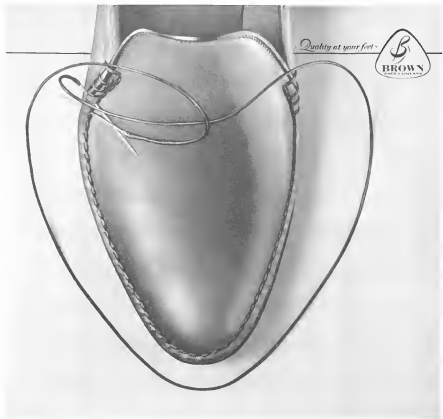
Altogether, it takes 85 separate steps stretching over 9 days to make one candidate for Royal registration. And even then, everything must wait while samples are tested.

1. Test balls are machine-driven over 400 yards, for distance and accuracy.
2. Test balls are "hacked" by a pile-driver-like machine to simulate months of hard abuse.
3. Test balls are dropped onto a slab of marble in a very quiet room. They must "click" and bounce just right.
4. Test balls are measured with calipers and fluoroscoped to be sure they are round and perfect.

Finally, a registered number is put on each successful ball, and the Royal seal on each package. This is your guarantee that the new Royal you play has met the highest standards ever set for a golf ball. (The demanding standards of the Royal Golf Equipment Laboratories.)

The Registered Royal is only sold by your golf professional. Buy it. Play it. It's built to go the distance.





Quality at your feet



Hand-stitched[®] waxhide: Tender lovin' care for your feet

This shoe has a way with feet that's as gentle as a mother's touch.

It comes, first, from a new and remarkably supple leather used to make the upper. We call it waxhide. Special softening oils are pressure-forced deep down into choice, full-bodied steerhide. The result is an exceptionally pliant leather with a waxy, luxurious feel.

We mold this leather into a kind of soft cradle, and then with a pair of needles and specially treated thread, we hand-stitch the vamp piece to this cradle, shaping and forming the entire front of the shoe to follow the contours of your foot.

Roblee does all of this soft, snug comfort in two styles—a slip-on and an oxford. Don't be surprised if you walk out wearing one pair and carrying the other.

Slip-on, 12.99
Oxford, 13.99



Most Roblee styles 10.99 to 18.99. Higher Denver West



The sport trio: by Louis Goldsmith
The price: suit about \$48; extra slacks about \$10
The fabric: Earl Loom's Arnel triacetate and rayon.
The excitement: the new denim look and texture.
Wrinkles: forget them. Arnel does.
Big extra: go casual—wear contrasting slacks.
Colors: choice of 15 fashion shades.

Arnel...a *Celanese* contemporary fiber



Yed Louis Shop, Arlington, Va.; Greentree's University Shop, Richmond, Va.; Annabary & Johnson, Huntington, W. Va.;
Feller's Men's Shops, Harrisburg and York, Pa.; Ware Pratt Company, Worcester, Mass.

ARNEL This is the official Arnel symbol—your assurance that this fabric type has been protected for performance claimed by Celanese®



**The new Cub Cadet is no toy, it's a tractor
...with direct drive (no belt) power train
and 2-minute change of attachments**

Your International Harvester Cub Cadet® will work all year for its keep. Mowing. Towing. Mulching leaves. Snow removal. Garden work from tillage to harvest, 22 different kinds of work, if you've got that much. Because the Cadet's no single-season power tool. It's a tractor. And this year there are two new models featuring exclusive direct drive,

2-minute change of attachments and 2-wheel brakes. Financing arranged on a personal basis through your dealer. For his name, call Western Union by number and ask for operator 25.



International Harvester

the people who bring you the machines that work



Jack Hogan is News Director of a television station in Grand Rapids, Mich.

"Life insurance? I'm loaded with other expenses now!"

"But a MONY man showed how I could start small and build the protection I need."



Jack Hogan talks it over with Al Pugno.

"I've got my GI insurance," I told MONY man Al Pugno. "And with a family to support, my expenses are heavy. More insurance has to wait."

"But Al showed me why it couldn't. We started up a plan including temporary protection which I could convert to more cash value insurance later to build up money for my boys' education or my retirement."

"Al also told me I was gambling on my health. He started me on a MONY

health plan. If I couldn't work because of an accident or sudden sickness, some money would still come in. "I'm thinking of buying a new home. I'll see Al about insurance, when I do. I'm sure he's thinking of my welfare; that makes all the difference with me."

MONY MEN CARE FOR PEOPLE. They'll be glad to discuss how life and health insurance can help you. And find out how revised rates and size discounts on new MONY life plans could mean lower premiums for you.

MONY
MUTUAL OF NEW YORK

MONY
Dept. 344
Brooklyn at 55th Street
New York, N.Y. 10019

Please send me the free, helpful booklet checked below:

- ☐ "The ABC of Life Insurance" How insurance works, its plans, benefits, basic types, cash values, dividends, etc.
- ☐ "How To Figure Your Social Security Benefits" What's covered, benefits at a glance, how to find out your present status, etc.
- ☐ "Time - Too Little, Too Much" How life and health insurance work together to protect you from 3 major hazards of life.

Name

Address

City State Zip



"I'll get a set of perfect clubs even if I have to make them myself," said Arnold Palmer. And that's just what he did.

These are Arnie's own.

Your pro can now show you the new Arnold Palmer Tru-matic® golf clubs. Swing them. Fondle them. See why one golfer called them "as close to black magic as clubs can ever be."

Arnold Palmer has had a lifelong interest in the design of golf clubs.

In his home workshop, he files, saws, alters and re-alters hundreds of club designs.

Recently, Arnie put together all his best ideas of what golf clubs should be. And he formed his own company to make them—under his personal supervision.

What makes Arnie Palmer's golf clubs so good? It's a matter of fantastic attention to detail. Consider this:

1. The set is so perfectly matched that all clubs balance at exactly the same point on the shaft. This assures identical feel for every club.
2. Each shaft is individually matched to its head. The heavier the head, the firmer the shaft. As a result, every club has the same flex characteristics.
3. The iron heads have a unique back design that permits additional weight at the top of the blade, where most clubs are thin. So even if you hit "fat", there's always plenty of mass behind the shot.
4. Irons are polished to a gleaming finish, then given an extra-heavy coating of pure chromium. (Your wife could powder her nose in the back of the club head.)
5. Scientists say that if you could swing exactly the same way each time, the design of the club would give you a perfect shot. Being human, no golfer will ever achieve such machine-like perfection. But Arnold Palmer's clubs, with their uniformity of feel, can bring you closer to the ideal of grooving your

swing. And they will give you more confidence in your game.

6. Palmer woods are made of laminated maple, bonded under pressure with waterproof glues, then moisture-sealed with a special penetrant. They are stable in size and hardness, and resistant to warping. (These classic woods are also available in persimmon.)

7. A brass weight of the type used by jewelers for precise weighing is imbedded in the back of each wood. Arnie believes there should always be some weight *behind* the point of impact.

8. Inspection standards are fanatically thorough. No club leaves the factory until it has been rigidly inspected for weight, balance and finish.

9. Don't expect Arnold Palmer clubs to cut 10 strokes off your game overnight. *Do* expect them to relieve you of the handicap of poorly matched equipment—so you can concentrate on your game.

10. When your adversaries see your Arnold Palmer clubs, they'll want to know where you got them. If you're smart, you won't tell them. Stay ahead while you can.

11. Arnie has strong convictions about golf balls, too. His new ball is steel-centered, perfectly dimpled, dazzlingly white, incomparable in feel—a perfect companion to the clubs.

12. Arnold Palmer Tru-matic® clubs are made and priced for serious golfers, and are available through pro shops only. Buy a set. And while you're at it, sign up for a few lessons. It can't hurt.



Arnold Palmer Company

Chattanooga,  Tennessee

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SCORECARD

WORLD SERIES CONTINUED

As of last Sunday evening, National League teams had won 58 and lost 24 of the 82 exhibition games played between National and American League teams this spring. Of course, spring training games have no significance, but the pattern the exhibition season has taken this year is startling. National League teams won 11 of the first 12 interleague games and then went right on beating the American League to death—or at least to a state bordering on embarrassment. It won four out of five games played between the leagues on March 15, 13 of 16 between March 17 and 19, five of six on the 21st. On only one day did the American League win more games than it lost; only three times did it split even on the day.

By March 19 two American League teams were at .500 or above; only two National League teams were below .500. Two days later, only one AL team was above .500; only one NL team (the Mets, of course) was below. For four straight days, from March 23 through 26, nine of the 10 AL teams were below .500. On March 24, the day the Mets beat the New York Yankees 1-0, all 10 NL teams were at .500 or above.

The Cincinnati Reds were 0-6 against fellow NL teams, but they were 7-1 against the Americans. The Mets, 1-6 with their own league, were walloping the AL 6-2. Baltimore, the only AL team that managed to stay at or above .500, was 4-0 against its own, but 2-6 against the Nationals.

One ray of hope gleamed for the Americans. The only AL team able to break even against the Nationals was the Yankees, who had lost four straight games to the Los Angeles Dodgers in last fall's World Series. And which was the only National League team below .500 against the American League? The Dodgers.

FAT VS. FAT

Pudgy Pierre Salinger, never a big man for fitness when he was presidential press secretary, is going up against one of the

fittest public officials in the country in his bid for the Democratic nomination for U.S. Senator from California. One of his rivals is a former Stanford track star (he once beat Ben Eastman) named Alan MacGregor Cranston, currently California state controller. Cranston, who is 50, 6 feet 2 inches tall and 195 pounds, can do 30 pushups effortlessly and almost every day puts on running pants and sweatshirt to run a few laps around a track. He is favored to beat Pierre. Because he is in such good shape? Maybe, but mainly because he has the backing of Governor Pat Brown and other Democratic bigwigs.

TO BE IN CAROLINA

Do you know what the basketball coach of North Carolina said to the basketball coach of South Carolina? Well, the new coach at South Carolina is Frank McGuire, who used to coach at North Carolina (where he recruited high school players from New York so effectively that the process was referred to as McGuire's underground railway) and who quit as coach of the pro Philadelphia Warriors when the team shifted to California. Last week McGuire rubbed his hands and said, "They're so competitive in New York. It seems that there are literally millions of players. Those that get to the top make it the hard way, and they're the ones I want. Give me two years at South Carolina and we'll see some progress. I've been recruiting for two weeks already. I'm started, kid."

All that Dean Smith, the coach at North Carolina, said was, "I was up to New York to see some friends. One's 6 feet 11 and the other's 6 feet 8."

POOL'S RICHEST POOL

The big-money TV contracts awarded to professional football reemphasized the great influence that television exerts on American sport. Now the wand has touched pool.

Last fall George Jansco, who with his brother Paulie stages the annual Jansco Brothers \$10,000 World's All-Round Pocket Billiards Tournament in John-

ston City, Ill. had a hurry-up call from CBS in New York. Could CBS televise the tournament playoff? Jansco, unaware that the TV crew would have to saw a hole in the roof of his Cue Club and that two walls would have to come down, was agreeable.

The playoff, won by Luther Lassiter, turned out to be a smash hit on TV, and Jansco was immediately set upon by both CBS and ABC for the rights to telecast future tournaments. Last week George signed a two-year contract with ABC. The sum was not disclosed but George announced that—hole in the roof or no hole in the roof—prize money this year would jump to \$20,000, making the Jansco tournament pool's richest pool. "I want the players to share in the television," he said.

HEAR THE BIRDIE

Tournament golf is one of the hardest of all sporting events to watch intelligently, because the importance and drama of the shot you are looking at may well depend on what another golfer is doing a quarter of a mile away. The only way to keep poised on a tournament's ebb and flow is to watch large scoreboards, often far apart and invariably



an hour behind the action. But at the Doral Open in Miami the other weekend 250 spectators knew immediately what was going on almost everywhere, thanks to transistor radio receivers that had rented from a company called Golf-caster Inc. The 1½-pound receivers were locked at a pre-set frequency and, at significant holes around the course, Golf-caster had sending sets broadcasting the action. Thus the Doral spectator could not only watch a birdie, he could hear one—and, more important, he could

continued



How much further can anyone go to test and prove new products?

(Last fall, Olin sent the new Winchester® line to Africa—on safari with famous professional hunter, David Ommanney.)

"Why Africa?" people have asked us. "Isn't that going a bit far?"

We don't think so. At Olin, every new product gets exhaustive lab and bench tests. But the final proof of rifles and shotguns must be in the field. Same thing with shot shells and centerfire ammunition.

More than 80% of our Winchester line for '64 is new; with some sweeping product changes. The new "free-floating" barrel on

our Model 70s, for instance, is the first such barrel ever fitted to a production rifle.

To prove the new Winchesters thoroughly, we felt we needed special test conditions. And in Tanganyika we found the very ones we wanted. Plentiful—and varied—game. Rough going—to give our rifles a good jolting. Lots of dust and grit to get into their actions.

By going there, we could also get David Ommanney's opinion. Very few men know

more about guns than this famous professional hunter, who led us on safari. And his judgments come straight from the shoulder.

No line of arms and ammo ever got a tougher workout. Or such sure-fire proof. After the safari, Ommanney summed up: "It warmed my heart to watch these Winchesters at work. I never saw more accurate shooting."

Africa too far to go? Not for Olin. Just one step in our endless testing program.

"Wash and wear" steels keep your '64 new-looking longer

About the only thing special automotive steels won't do is wash themselves. That's your job. But automotive designers and engineers have made the job a lot easier with special steels that keep their new look years longer. Examples: Stainless steels which keep the

gleam in wheel covers and trim. Corrosion-protected galvanized steels which fight rust in body parts. Body steels which have just the right finish for those beautiful enamels. Want to restore that showroom look? Just add water.



This mark tells you your new car is made of modern, dependable Steel.





New automotive steels from U.S. Steel have built-in rust protection

New trim stays trim—Have you ever seen a worn-out wheel cover? There is no such thing anymore because wheel covers, like so much of the trim on the '64's, are made of USS Stainless Steel. No other metal can come close to the strength, corrosion resistance, and lasting gleam of stainless steel. It's extremely hard, too, so it resists dents and pock marks from flying gravel. Stainless steel trim will help to keep your new '64 looking showroom-new.

Better body steels—Galvanized steel has been around for a long time—in fact the first sheet was made in 1884 by a company that later became part of U. S. Steel. But there was a problem in using this corrosion-resistant steel for painted body parts, because the spangles in the zinc coating showed through the paint.

U. S. Steel solved this problem by developing a special finishing process which eliminates the bothersome spangles. These specially finished galvanized sheets can be used side by side with regular body sheets, and when they are painted, you can't tell the difference, yet your car has additional protection against corrosion in those parts where rust used to strike first.

Built to last—You'll hear a lot of praise for the '64 cars. They deserve it. Classic styling. Performance. Road handling. Comfort. And more. They're built to stay in shape years longer with new and improved steels produced by U. S. Steel. United States Steel, 525 William Penn Place, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15230.

United States Steel



SCORECARD *continued*

know at once exactly where the player he was following stood in the tournament standings. The device proved successful at Doral, according to all reports, and Golfcasters hopes to have as many as 5,000 sets for rent at major events this summer.

MORE NEWS OF ELECTRONICS

Radioactivity is everywhere. On tree farms in the Pacific Northwest black bears do more damage to young Douglas firs than forest fires do. The bears literally claw the trees to death in search of the sweet ooze of sap. To help foresters develop ways of dealing with the spooks, biologists plan to strap small transmitters around the animals' necks (you tranquilize them first with a dart, in case you worried) and then track them with a radio scanner. When a bear wanders into a stand of young firs, the biologists will move in.

In Spain, Neurosurgeon José Manuel Rodríguez Delgado has implanted electrodes in a fighting bull's brain, using the old dart routine to soothe Ferdinand before the operation. The bull then responds to "directing" currents sent by radio (giving rise to fanciful images of a matador waving a cape at the brave bull and saying, "¡Hah, toro! Only not too close!").

In Japan, where they are more concerned with swimming than with bears, bulls or trees, a tiny transistor receiver has been developed that goes into the water with a swimmer. The coach, watching from the side of the pool, gives continual direction and advice to the swimmer. Breaststroker Kenji Matsumoto said the device was splendid in that it helped him correct faults in his swimming form. But he complained that it bothered him, too, in that it made him feel as though the coach was always near.

Too bad, Kenji. But coaches, like transistor radios, are everywhere. You cannot escape.

WRITE IF YOU GET WORK

Here is a late report on Jim Brosnan, the pitcher-writer who was released by the Chicago White Sox last month because he would not agree to give up writing or publishing during the season (SI, March 16):

- No major league team has called him, and he has not called any.
- Although the situation-wanted ad he

continued

GO MOBILE—GO MAGNAVOX

Now—new compactness, style and dependability in take-along TV



The Suburbanite 104—a personal portable with full 16" diag. screen at a surprisingly low price. Rugged, handsome, and lightweight, it's precision-engineered to exacting standards. 3 IF Stages for sharp pictures, dipole antenna. **Only \$99.50.**



The Manhattan 120—Slim, sturdy, compact, and the screen is a full 19" diag. The walnut finish case brings beauty to any room, deep resonance to the tone. Front controls, lifelike sound, telescoping antenna. Sharp, pinpoint tuning. **Only \$149.50.**



The Americana 144—Merely select your channel. Magnavox automatic tuning takes over the fine-tuning, brightness and contrast adjustments. Color choice: Spice Brown, Slate Gray, Adobe White or Pastel Green. 19" diag. screen. **Only \$175.00.** (Remote control optional.)

See Yellow Pages for your Magnavox Dealer
the magnificent
Magnavox

ran in *The Sporting News* for \$35 (it was reproduced in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and various newspapers) brought no major league response. Brosnan, an old ad man, feels that his cost-per-thousand in readership was handsome.

- A Tennessee college asked him to teach English and coach baseball.

- He was asked to go on a month-long lecture tour.

- He has been offered spots on two radio-TV networks, and ABC has cut tapes to determine his voice level and mike presence.

- He has "more writing than I can take care of," including six articles and a book to finish in the next month.

- He still has offers from Japan (to pitch) and Italy (to coach).

- He was invited to Colorado for the summer by the Grand Junction Eagles, a crack semipro team. "I would pitch a little," he says, "and have a place to write—and maybe write about." The Grand Junction offer is exceptionally generous, according to Broz, who says, "After my years in the majors, I'm not used to people being so generous."

- He does not feel that he has been blackballed by the majors. "You don't accuse people who are running a \$100 million enterprise of conspiring to keep one man out of the business. I don't feel punished or persecuted."

- Things are going so well at the moment that he says he is not sure he will jump at a major league bid. He is asking last year's salary: \$30,000.

- His morale is high, he says, "until I begin talking about the whole thing."

EXIT

Life was one long fight for Andy Frain, the "king of the ushers" and self-styled "crowd engineer," who died last week in Minnesota. Frain was the 16th of 17 children born to an Irish immigrant hod-carrier in Chicago. The 19 Frains lived in a five-room shack with an outdoor privy; one of Andy's chores as a boy was drawing up a schedule for use of the beds (the kids had to sleep in shifts) and the privy. "That was my first experience in crowd engineering," he liked to say.

At 13 he quit school and went to work in the stockyards, but at night and on weekends he peddled cushions for 10¢ at various sports events around Chicago. The ushers then were thugs who "sold" reserved seats to anyone with the right tip. On a big-crowd occasion the man-

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THE FLAVOR OF OLD HAVANA...

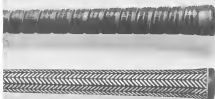
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still yours to enjoy in the famed

Gold Label Palma Candela

Smokers of the Gold Label Palma Candela instantly recognize the matchless flavor and aroma of its prized vintage Cuban tobacco, so reminiscent of the golden days of Havana. So, indulge yourself as freely as you like in the satisfying mildness of the Palma Candela... America's top selling luxury cigar. Its fine tobaccos *will never tire your taste*. At all fine tobacconists, or write: Gradiatz, Annis, Factory No. 1, Tampa, Fla. / WORLD LEADER IN LUXURY CIGARS

How to buy custom-made woods without paying the custom price.



In consultation with your golf professional, choose your grip: top-grade leather, or all-weather cork-rubber composition grips with "Cushion Control" gripping action.



Choose your woodhead. Executive focal-powered woods, for massive up-and-away hitting power. Top-Flite "79" woods, which reflect the demanding tastes of touring professionals. Top-Flite Centre-powered woods, which give the edge to the average golfer, or Terpolymite Woodless Woods which bring unbeatable toughness into your game. Each one is available in any of six different swing weights.



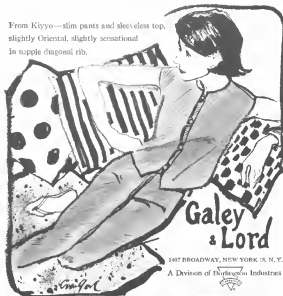
Choose your shaft. Then decide how long and flexible your shafts should be. You choose a length between 41" and 44", and a stiff, medium or flexible shaft. Lengths, tapers, deflection and bend points are synchronized to bring all your power to bear on the ball. Whichever of these combinations of grip, head and shaft you choose, it's available in Spalding's line, below the custom price.

Note: Each of these woods (except the Terpolymites) is Hydrosealed® to lock out moisture forever. And further, you can choose your Spalding woods in the same way. There are Spalding clubs already built specifically to fit you.

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SPALDING

From Kiyoo—slim pants and sleeveless top, slightly Oriental, slightly sensational in supple diagonal rib.



FOR YOUR NEAREST RETAILER WRITE US AT 1407 BROADWAY N. Y.



Jack Nicklaus put 341 yards between this point and the fabulous DX Tourney!



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"The DX Tourney ball simply doesn't know when to stop," says Jack Nicklaus, PGA Driving Champion and member of MacGregor's Advisory Staff. "I've never played a ball I've liked so well. Sheer distance, solid durability and the whitest white a golf ball can have, the DX Tourney has 'em all." If you enjoy extra-long walks from the tee, play the DX Tourney next time around.

MacGregor
THE GREATEST NAME IN GOLF
BRUNSWICK SPORTS
CINCINNATI 32 OHIO

SCORECARD *continued*

agement might have to refund as much as \$5,000 to angry patrons who, holding reserved-seat tickets, had been left standing. After a riot at the Leonard-Mitchell fight in 1923, started by fans who could not get to their \$20 seats, Fraim persuaded the owner of the Chicago Black Hawks to let him set up an ushering system for hockey games. Andy raised every usher's pay and warned that he would fire any man who took a bribe from a spectator. He ended up firing 246 of the first 250 men who worked for him.

The next summer he was hired by the Chicago Cubs and, basing his operation on honesty and efficiency, went on to build an ushering empire that handled baseball games, football games, the Kentucky Derby, championship fights and national political conventions. Hooks tried to muscle in on his organization but Fraim fought them off. His car was hit by shotgun fire. He was beaten so badly he was unconscious for two days. At a tug dance he handled in 1932 the police had to be called in 12 times. At a political convention the same year he refused to honor "passes" issued by a Chicago political boss; for months thereafter he and his wife were regularly arrested "on suspicion" and held a few hours by police before being released.

Four years ago Mrs. Fraim was killed in a plane crash while Andy waited for her flight at an airport. He never seemed to get over that loss. Last month he worked the Clay-Liston fight in Miami and then, feeling poorly, checked into the Mayo Clinic. There, at 60, he suffered a final heart attack and died.

THEY SAID IT

- Doc Hayes, SMU basketball coach, on the rule that coaches must remain seated during a game: "If you've got 10,000 people seated in an arena and everybody's standing up and hollering and you expect the coaches and players to be quiet and relaxed, you're going to have to give them a sedative. Then the coach probably will be fired at the end of the season and the players cut off their scholarships."

- Mickey Herskowitz, Houston sports-writer, on how to placate University of Texas faculty members who resent Football Coach Durrell Royal's new title of "professor": "As soon as a Texas professor comes up with a department that's best in the country, give him the title of coach."

END



**New
lightweight:
Summer
Sharkskin**

**Can't be beat
for cool good looks**

by
**HART
SCHAFFNER
& MARX**

Strictly championship material. Lots of class, but not flashy. Takes punishment. Goes the distance. In the past, however, sharkskin packed a bit too much heft for hot weather.

Now Hart Schaffner & Marx brings you Summer Sharkskin—a new lightweight blend

suit neat. In the best sharkskin manner.

Hart Schaffner & Marx tailoring keeps the suit trim and fit—permanently. Take the lapels, for instance. Put your fingers behind one. Flip it forward. Notice how it springs back. Lies flat every time.

The reason? Row upon row of interloop

stitching inside each lapel. Lot more than in ordinary suits. These lapels behave. Lie flat and neat. Won't curl.

The look you buy is the look you keep.

Once for once, Hart Schaffner & Marx Summer Sharkskin is the best-looking lightweight around.



A stern Senator Hart brandishes the stock certificates that Sonny Liston signed over to a couple of mysterious strangers, Sam Margolis and a lawyer, Salvatore J. Arena.



TAKING STOCK OF SONNY

When the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly convened last week to hold a hearing on whether or not boxing should be placed under federal control the initial subject matter seemed relatively mild—an under-the-table rematch contract between Sonny Liston and Muhammad Ali, the former Cassius Clay. But the subcommittee had hardly made itself comfortable in Room 2228 of the New Senate Office Building (known around Washington as the "New SOB") before it discovered that return-boat contracts, illegal or otherwise,

were far less fascinating than the fact that stock in Sonny Liston (flourished above by Committee Chairman Philip A. Hart) had sunk to an alltime low. The milkesful of testimony that followed indicated Liston had done a lot of things while he was heavyweight champion but one of them was not—alacridding himself of the peculiar battalion of mobsters, gamblers, front men and hangers-on that supposedly had been purged from the boxing scene three years ago. Though Sonny may have seemed to live a pristine and lonely life in the





LISTON

high, pure air of Denver, breaking only an occasional law late at night, he was actually a man with friends galore, friends that ranged from fetid Philadelphia to virtuous Las Vegas, gambling friends and advising friends, above all, the kind of friends a man would be happy to share his money with.

Like a heavyweight fight, the bearing began slowly enough as Senator Hart and his associates poked and prodded at the rematch contract that the former Clay signed with Intercontinental Promotions before he whipped Liston, the

An investigation of boxing by a U.S. Senate subcommittee reveals that the ex-heavyweight champion was generous to a fault with the kind of friends he was supposed to have given up long ago **by ROBERT H. BOYLE**

former No. 63723 of the Missouri State Penitentiary. The Senators had difficulty grasping the idea that rematch contracts have been SOP between heavyweight champions since Achilles took on Hector, and that the World Boxing Association, which piously forbids such contracts, is mostly a grab-bag collection of political clinks and clanks who would joyously become Black Muslims themselves if it meant a title fight for the old home town. As Garland Cherry, the lawyer for Intercontinental and the first day's witness, facetiously announced to

an elevator full of people upon leaving one session, "Thank God the reporters weren't up there asking the questions. Then we would have been in trouble."

But trouble came fast enough as names suddenly began dropping—old, familiar, nasty names and new, unknown, enticing names. Fingered so far—and the chorus is not through singing yet—have been Frankie Carbo, the onetime underworld czar of boxing who is now doing 25 years in a federal pen for extortion; Blinky Palermo, Carbo's former buddy who is appealing a 15-year stretch on

continued



Three men with roles in the curious manipulation of Liston's stock are (left to right) Joey San Margallo, jittery Jack Nixon and earnest Garland Cherry.

the same rap in an effort not to wind up as a pen pal; and Pep Barone, a Palermo stooge who used to manage Liston and who is still regarded by Sonny as a lucky charm. Then there were the new names: Ash Resnick, who is, as Jack Nilon, Liston's current manager, testified, "believe it or not" the athletic director of a Las Vegas gambling joint; Salvatore J. Avena, a little-known but soon to be better-known lawyer from Camden, N.J.; and Sam Margolis, a Philadelphia man of parts who used to run a delicatessen with Blinky and who now (surprise!) turns out to own half of Liston's stock in Intercontinental Promotions, stock said to be worth \$100,000 that generous Sonny insisted on giving him.

Margolis is the key man, and an interesting one. Pudgy and 50, he pleaded guilty in 1937 to operating a gambling house in Chester, Pa., was fined \$50 and sentenced to from one to three months in jail. In the early 1940s he was twice arrested on gambling charges in Delaware County, Pa., but not found guilty either time. In 1950 Philadelphia police arrested him for assault and battery, but he was discharged again. Over the years he has been chums with Blinky Palermo and other Blinky buddies. In 1960 Anthony Bernhard, an undercover detective for the New York police, told the monopoly subcommittee, then headed by the late Estes Kefauver, that Margolis had been present at a 1958 Washington meeting between Palermo and Carbo, which pinpointed Margolis as a man who knows boxing's ins, if not its outs. (Senator Kenneth Keating of New York pointed out last week that Angelo Dundee, the trainer for Clay, also attended the same little source, and the Senator wondered aloud if Carbo did not now, even by remote control from his cell on McNeil Island in Puget Sound, have an interest in both the Clay and Liston camps? This speculation created a rustle of headlines, though there was no reason to believe that the group of 11 Louisville businessmen who handle Clay could be controlled by the mob. They pay Dundee a flat salary to train Clay at his famous Fifth Street Gym in Miami Beach—see page 70.)

There was nothing speculative about Sam Margolis' lasting friendship with Blinky Palermo. A check last week of police records in Los Angeles, where Palermo and Carbo were tried for extortion in 1961, showed that Margolis was

a constant spectator in the courtroom. Moreover, a look at the visitor's book in the L.A. County Jail revealed that Margolis frequently signed in to comfort Blinky in his time of trial. Margolis and Blinky had long been in business together in Philadelphia as partners in the Sanson Delicatessen at 111 South 39th Street. Until 1961 Margolis and his wife reportedly owned 50%, and the other 50 was split up between Blinky and members of his family. Geraldine Liston, Sonny's wife, may even have sliced a few pickles at the deli—at least she gave her occupation as a cook at the Sanson when she and Sonny applied for a car loan in 1960. Margolis is now in the vending machine business—an enterprise he apparently runs from his home.

The question, of course, is how did Margolis turn up owning 225 of Sonny's 500 shares in Intercontinental Promotions? Margolis claims that Liston gave him the stock last fall because he, Sam, helped set up Intercontinental by getting Liston and the Nilon brothers together. That would make it a kind of finder's fee of unprecedented proportion, and the Senators understandably decided that they wanted to hear Margolis explain what he was finding—and on behalf of whom. They also expressed interest in Lawyer Avena, who fell heir to 30 shares of the stock. Both men have been asked what moved Sonny to give away almost three-fifths of himself in payment for services of a highly vague nature.

If Avena had anything to say in the matter, he was saving it for the hearing. He did confirm that Margolis was his client, yet he refused to say how he—supposedly just another Camden lawyer, though one who certainly has some unique connections—latched on to Philadelphia Sam. "I won't go into details about what I was handling for Mr. Margolis," he said. He said that he had met Liston through Margolis, and that when the Nilon brothers and their lawyer, Cherry, decided to set up Intercontinental "Sonny asked me to represent him." In any event, as a fee for advice given to Client Liston, Avena picked up 50 shares.

The names of Margolis and Avena first came up when Cherry testified, but the star witness last week was Sonny's harassed "adviser," Jack Nilon, the very man who took over Liston in 1962 to show the world that the Palermos and Carbos were things of the past. When Margolis asked Cherry last fall to turn the

chunk of Sonny's stock over to him, Cherry rang up not Liston, but Adviser Nilon, for approval. Sonny's generosity shocked him, Nilon testified. He said he went to Sonny and tore a dollar bill into four pieces to impress Liston with what he was giving up. Sonny was not impressed. But in the witness chair Nilon, who has been feuding with Sonny, saw little wrong with the stock deal. "Personally," he told the Senators, "I feel anyone who can put up with Mr. Liston's antics—even if he got the whole thing—would be underpaid." The Senators never did ask Nilon why he thought Sonny gave up the stock, but later, when a reporter did, Nilon replied, "I don't need to ask questions. I've got an imagination."

Nilon said, in so many words, that Sonny is personally obnoxious, and he went on to give some revealing behind-the-punching-bag insights into Liston's training for the Clay fight. As a matter of fact, Nilon said he had planned to quit as manager after the Clay fight even though there was money to be made. "There is more to life than bread," Nilon declaimed. Nilon's gross take from the Liston fight could be as high as half a million dollars, prompting Senator Hart to remark, "There's a lot of bread in that life." But when Liston lost, Nilon added, "I didn't think it was right to walk away from him." Liston, Nilon declared, "is almost a neurotic. In Las Vegas he steps on a stone. You might have thought he had a broken leg. In Florida he had a cold, he was dying." When Liston arrived in Miami Beach to train for the Clay fight, Nilon said he had to bring in Dr. Robert Bennett from Detroit to attend to Sonny's ailments, real or imaginary.

Besides this, Nilon went on, "I didn't feel Sonny trained as hard as he could. He was doggin' it. He was readin' his press clippings." Nilon said he told Liston that Clay was a fast kid who could run, but Sonny only got angry. For most of the training period he and Sonny were "at odds." Instead of running five miles, Sonny would only do one—and sin of sins for a champ in training—he took to "stayin' up late, playin' cards and so on." The Senators did not pursue the so on. There was certainly nothing in the testimony last week to indicate that Liston gave anything but his huffing-and-puffing best once the fight with Clay actually began.

Life at Liston's house, which Nilon

visited only once, was "chaos." "It was like a ballroom," he testified, with hangers-on galore. Asked to name them, Nilon thung his hands up in disgust and exclaimed, "Beewewwww!" Pressed for specifics, he cited, among others, Martha and Joe Louis (besides Avena, Liston has Martha Louis as a lawyer, but then, as Nilon quipped of Sonny, "He's got lawyers on lawyers"), Sam Margolis and Pep Barone, the Palermo front man who once was a link in Sonny's managerial chain. "Sonny," said Nilon, "thinks an awful lot of Pep Barone." Indeed, Sonny thought so much of him that he invited him to Miami Beach. "He thinks Pep Barone's good luck," Nilon said, by way of possible explanation. "Sonny's very superstitious."

Back in 1960, when Senator Kefauver told Sonny to divest himself of mob management, Sonny was supposed to buy his contract back from Barone for \$75,000. But, as Nilon told it, Barone has not been paid in full. While in Florida, Barone griped that he was still owed \$42,000, and after the Clay fight Nilon gave Pep a check for \$3,000 or \$4,000 (Nilon could not remember the exact figure) which he charged to Liston's account (Ava Nilon remembered) because Barone "didn't have any money to get out of Miami."

"That," interjected Senator Keating, "would get him quite a way out."

Another camp follower in Liston's house of chaos was Ash Resnick, a gambler and the athletic director for the Thunderbird Hotel in Vegas. "I don't know what they call athletics," said Nilon, who clearly loathed Resnick. Nilon said that, according to "bearsay" (Do you want hearsay, Senators? Nilon asked. You betcha, they replied), Resnick had bet on the Liston-Clay fight, and "lost everything." The one thing Resnick did not lose was the publicity value of the shirts with Thunderbird written on them that he had talked Liston into wearing.

By the weekend the Senators had clearly heard enough to want to ask a lot more questions. Was Sam Margolis going to have an explanation for Sonny's generosity? Was it just a wild coincidence that Liston's new shareholder turned out to be an old business partner of Blinky Palermo's and no stranger to Frankie Carbo? Called to testify on Monday, Margolis made it seem as though everything was just wild coinci-

dence. "Under penalty of perjury," he vowed, "I deny that they [Palermo and Carbo] have any interest [in Liston]." Sonny, Margolis claimed, had any number of reasons for giving him the stock. He, Sam, had helped set up the Intercontinental deal, he had let Sonny run up "a big bill" eating on the cuff in the Sansom and, most important, any time Liston had "problems" Sonny had come to

him for friendly advice. If Sonny himself is called, he may well have to testify that when you have dear friends like Blinky Palermo and Sam Margolis and Pep Barone, why, you don't give 'em up, man, you don't give 'em up—unless they give you up first.

The last word was still Jack Nilon's. "Well," he said, "we took the heat off Bobby Baker."

END



Ash Resnick, gambler and Liston camp follower, gets wife's encouragement at earlier inquiry.



Sonny Liston gets managerial encouragement from Barone in days when mob openly had him.

TWO GUYS NAMED JOE JOLT ITHACA

In the high schools and colleges of the state of Oklahoma amateur wrestling is a sport, sure enough, but it is as catching as a disease. More boys per crew cut go out for wrestling in Oklahoma than in any other state, and those who make a team wear their puffed ears as proudly as a Heidelberg duelist displays his scars.

Oklahomans have good reason to be proud. The state's two top colleges have won the national intercollegiate title 29 of the 33 times it has been wrestled for. Last week, thanks largely to the two determined Cowboys pictured in action below, the Oklahomans did it again. With

the University of Oklahoma only 29 points behind in second place, Oklahoma State won its 24th NCAA title in the massive, splendidly appointed gymnasium of Cornell University in Ithaca, N.Y. Cornell would dearly love to do as well in wrestling as the Oklahomans but, like most eastern colleges, it must draw its candidates from an area that is relatively apathetic about the sport. Pennsylvania is the only area in the East where wrestling enjoys genuine stature.

Eastern collegiate athletic directors, content to let this state of things go on, might do well to consider the crowds

that jammed the Cornell gym for the three days of the wrestling tournament last week. Despite the fact that Cornell's undergraduates were departing on spring vacations, hundreds remained in Ithaca to be turned away on the night of the finals, even though the Oklahoma State victory was a foregone conclusion. The heavily favored Cowboys justified all expectations with a tournament score of 87 points, a new record that broke two they had previously held. Urged on by the coyote yips of Coach Myron Roderick, himself a three-time champion in the nationals and a competitor in the 1956 Olympics, they pre-

Baring his teeth at Purdue's chubbily powerful wrestler Robert Hagg in the heavyweight semifinals is Cowboy Joe James (left), who won one of



Helped by a posse of Cowboys and Sooners, 130-pound Yo-Jo Uetake and his heavyweight teammate, Big Joe James, pinned the best wrestling teams in the land as Oklahomans won their 30th NCAA title

by MARTIN KANE

sented finalists in six of the 10 weight divisions after coming out of the semi-finals with an insuperable team total of 75 points.

Of the six Oklahoma State finalists, however, only two—Yojaro (Yo-Jo) Uetake of Japan, in the 130-pound division, and Big Joe James, in the heavyweight division—succeeded in taking firsts. This means that Oklahoma State, which accounted for two of the three U.S. gold medals in wrestling at the 1960 Olympics in Rome, will have formidable competition for Olympic berths this year in Tokyo. After all, Uetake, who is probably State's best wrestler, can

compete only for Japan—which leaves James as the lone Cowboy NCAA champion automatically eligible for the Olympic tryouts. Officially chosen as the outstanding wrestler in this meet was the defending NCAA champion in his division, Colorado's sensational young 177-pounder, Dean Lahr, who is also the AAU titleholder.

Final selection of the Olympic wrestling team will not be made until after tryouts at the New York World's Fair in August. Before that, however, there will be Olympic regionals and the AAU championships, in all of which wrestlers must compete under Olympic rules.

Although we have changed our collegiate wrestling rules since the Rome Olympics so that they correspond somewhat more closely to Olympic regulations, there are still important differences. Olympic rules, too, have been changed to eliminate the *par terre*, in which one wrestler assumes the down position and the opponent has him as a captive, striving to prevent him from scoring a reversal. This may or may not be a help to U.S. prospects. It does put a premium on takedown ability; the winner of the trophy for most takedowns in the last time last week was Leonard Kauffman of Oregon State,

continued on page 92

State's two championships. The other went to James's teammate, Yojaro (Yo-Jo) Uetake, who is shown disposing of Army's Robert Robbins.



THE KEY TO THE MASTERS

BY JACK NICKLAUS

The defending champion, himself one of golf's great power hitters (see cover), analyzes the Augusta National Golf Club course and presents indisputable proof that the Masters gives the long driver a remarkable advantage over the rest of the field—a conclusion supported by the results in recent years



It is not too extravagant to claim that the Masters Tournament is the real opening of the competitive golf season. Everything preceding next week's event is just warmup. This is true for the thousands and thousands of visitors who come to Augusta each spring, it is true for the millions who watch on television, but it is most true for the players themselves. From early January we begin looking ahead and planning ahead. Many of us put in extra practice sessions with the long irons, because a premium is placed on the skillful use of these clubs at Augusta. Others spend hours hoping to develop a putting stroke that will hold up on the Augusta National's mammoth, rolling greens. A few of us make major revisions in our game—as I did a year ago when I developed the hook that helped me to win the Masters. But there is one thing we all work for: power, power, power. Nobody talks about it much—perhaps because it is not obvious to spectators—but power is the key to winning at Augusta.

Judged by modern standards, the Augusta National is not a long golf course. During the Masters it plays at an average length of 6,850 yards, hardly excessive in a golfing age that glorifies courses of 7,000 yards and more. But look who has won in recent years. Arnold Palmer, not only a very long but also a very bold driver, won in '58, '60 and '62. Gary Player changed his style somewhat in the last two years and tried playing more for position off the tee than for distance (a change he recently gave up). In 1961, significantly, he was driving the ball 20 yards farther than in '62 and '63, and in 1961 Gary won the Masters. I won last year at a time when I was driving very well, and Tony Lema, another long hitter, finished right behind me. The only recent exception to the domination of the big hitter is Art Wall, the 1959 champion. But even Art says that his putting

was phenomenal. He won by sinking good putts to birdie five of the last six holes.

The reason why power hitters have an advantage is not that they can sometimes reach the par-5s in two shots. This factor is much overrated. Last year, in fact, I was only two under par on a total of 16 par-5s. This was two strokes poorer on these holes than an average taken from the top 24 finishers. The most important reason why power is so highly rewarded at Augusta is extraordinarily simple. On six holes—1, 5, 8 (somewhat), 14, 17 and 18—the long hitter's extra distance becomes doubly extra because of the slope of the fairways. The long hitter can carry upslopes that the average hitter must drive into. Thus the long hitter obtains a normal amount of roll on these holes, while the shorter hitter gets virtually none. Off the tees of four other holes—2, 9, 10 and 13—the long hitter reaches downslopes that are beyond the average hitter's range. A long drive thus gets an unusually long roll where an average drive gets only a normal roll.

This adds up to a severe handicap for the average hitter to struggle against, but since this is a fine golf course he does have at least a chance, especially on Augusta's skillfully laid-out dogleg holes. The fairways are exceptionally wide, but even a long hitter can be in the fairway and, if he happens to have hit his drive into the wrong corner of an elbow, have a difficult shot to the green. It is on these holes—and there are several of them—that the average hitter must make the most of what opportunity he has. By a sort of golfing brinkmanship, by narrowly missing trees, tight corners, ditches and sand traps, by being bold, by playing inspired golf and by not being unlucky, he can get the most out of the course and even win, as Doug Ford did in 1957 when he shot a final-round 66.

"I took a lot of chances that other people questioned," Ford has said, "but if you're a short hitter like me it's the only way to win." Yet this is a perilous kind of golf to be forced to play. One slip, and the strokes saved on 17 holes are lost on the other one. This is the pressure and the risk that the long hitter can avoid. He can, by contrast, play reasonably safe golf and still get almost the maximum out of the course. For him the desirable landing area off the tee is anywhere from 50% to 100% wider than it is for the shorter hitter. Look at the diagrams at right and you will see four holes where the long hitter's advantage and the average hitter's problems are the most obvious, assuming the weather is good. There are plenty of others. Consider:

No. 1, 400 yards, par 4. The fairway dips down directly in front of the tee and then rises sharply up to the tee shot's landing area. The long hitter can reach the top of the hill on the fly and set up a six-to-nine-iron approach to the green. The average-length tee shot will strike just below the crest of the hill and get almost no roll. This will leave a two-to-six-iron approach. The hole does dogleg slightly to the right. A bold short hitter can try driving over a fairway trap just below the right corner and skirt the trees bordering the fairway to leave himself a shorter approach.

No. 2, 555 yards, par 5. This is a dogleg that is similar to the 10th hole (*see diagram*) in that it slopes downhill from tee to green and from right to left in the landing area. To give himself any chance of reaching the green in two shots, the average hitter must draw his tee shot dangerously close to the left side so that he can take maximum advantage of the fairway contours. But he could also wind up in the trees or in a creek. The long hitter, on the other hand, can play into the left center of the fairway and still get the roll that will take him within range of the green.

No. 4, 220 yards, par 3. Dangerous for the medium hitter when the prevailing wind is blowing, because he must try to control a high wood shot that is hit from an elevated tee. The shot must clear a deep bunker directly in front of the green. Over the green to the right are bushes and out-of-bounds. A long hitter can drill an iron low through the wind and still reach the green, but a wood shot will often get into serious trouble if the wind suddenly changes—or worse, dies down altogether.

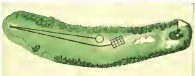
No. 8, 530 yards, par 5. The long hitter can catch a relatively flat area with his drive and might get precious extra yards of roll that would enable him to reach the green with a really good second shot. The shorter hitter has no such chance. His tee shot lands on an upslope, so he gets no roll.

No. 9, 420 yards, par 4. The fairway rolls downhill into a hollow, then bends to the left and rises steeply to the green. A long hitter can drive the ball down the middle and still reach the bottom of the hill. To duplicate this and set up no more than a six-iron to the green from a level lie the average player must drive down the left edge of the fairway. The least hook would put him into the woods.

No. 11, 445 yards, par 4. Here the main problem is created by the approach shot. A pool that is part of famous—or infamous—Rae's Creek pushes tight against the green on the left side. A shot to the green that is pulled too much



5 A 450-yard par-4 whose fairway rises steeply to the landing area and bends left. An average hitter (*circle*) must drive safely away from the bunkers at the corner, hit into an upslope and use a long iron to reach the green. The long hitter (*grass*) can clear the bunkers, land on level fairway and hit a short iron.



10 A 470-yard par-4 that slopes sharply downhill from the tee and from right to left. Only by boldly skirting the tree-lined left corner can the average hitter get enough roll to set up a mid-iron approach to the green. The long hitter can drive safely down the left center and still have his ball kick down the hill.



13 A 475-yard par-5 where the average hitter's only chance to reach the green in two and set up an easy birdie is to hit his drive dangerously close to the creek at the left corner. The long hitter can leave a safe margin between his drive and the creek and still hit his ball well around the corner and get home in two.



18 A 420-yard par-4 with a steep upslope to the landing area. An average hitter's drive lands into the rise. But he must also play into the center of the fairway or risk being stymied by the trees on the right. The long hitter can drive past the corner, reach a flat area and end up 50 to 75 yards nearer the green.

continued

MASTERS PREVIEW continued

will make quite a splash. Most players will be using long irons and must therefore aim at mounds to the right of the green and hope the ball will kick off these and well into the putting surface. They cannot take a chance on hitting long irons right to the green. The long hitter, with probably a four-to-six-iron approach shot, can fire away at the center of the green with reasonable safety.

No. 14, 420 yards, par 4. The fairway, which slopes upward from tee to green, is especially steep in the normal landing area and is bordered on the left by a clump of pines. A long hitter can clear this steep area on the fly and be beyond these trees should he hook his shot excessively. An average hitter's drive will land directly into the sharpest part

of the upslope, leaving a long iron shot to a very difficult putting surface. If he hooks, he is in the pines.

No. 17, 400 yards, par 4. Once again the long hitter can clear an upslope in the fairway that a shorter hitter cannot. A trap guards the right front of the green, and on the last day the flagstick is often placed somewhere close behind this trap. The long hitter can use a short iron to the green, anything from a seven-iron to a wedge, while the others must go for the green with a four- to six-iron. These are risky clubs with which to shoot directly for a tightly positioned pin. In addition, the green slopes from front to back on the left side. A long iron shot can easily kick far away from the pin, or even roll over the green.

GARY PLAYER

The ebullient South African looks forward to Augusta with the zest reserved for a golfer whose Masters record in the last five years is second only to Arnold Palmer's. Over this stretch Player has finished in the top eight every time, won in 1961 and lost a playoff in 1962. This year Player's enthusiasm is higher than it has ever been.

"I'm really excited about the tournament," he says. "I'm playing as well as I ever have, I'm putting well and I truly feel confident." Player is ever the optimist, but he has made some important changes in his tactics and his equipment that have put real substance in his optimism. For the last two years he has often hit a cautious three- or four-wood off the tee. He has now given that up. "It was just a phase," he says. "I feel good with a driver in my hands again." His driver has felt especially good since he shaved several degrees of loft off it at the recent Doral Open. He has added 20 yards to his tee shots and is now hitting them as far as he did when he won at Augusta in 1961. This may be significant because distance is just what Player needs to win again.



TONY LEMA

Champagne Tony's victory at the Crosby in January has had a peculiar effect on his golfing career. On the one hand, it has increased his confidence in his ability to win an important tournament. On the other, it seems to have upset his concentration. His record since January has had repeated ups and downs. "I was tired and shaky for three weeks after the Crosby," he says, "and I also started to think badly. I wanted to begin each tournament with a super score, and when I didn't I would get upset." Lema vows, however, that he has never prepared more assiduously for a tournament than he has for this Masters. He is spending extra hours on the practice tee, the cork stays on the champagne bottle and he has given up smoking. "It helps my golf when I don't smoke," he says, his mind on the problems of that now famous nonsmoker, Arnold Palmer. Lema's game, as he proved last year, is suited to Augusta. He hits long, employs a slight hook and is a strong long-iron player. His putting has grown cautious, but if he regains his touch—and his concentration—he will again be a serious threat.



MASON RUDOLPH

"I've always played well on the long courses," says this year's second leading money winner and the golfer who for the last eight months has played about as well as anyone on the tour. "It's because my long irons and woods are the best part of my game." So his golf, too, is well suited to Augusta. Rudolph might also add that though he is not the longest driver on the tour he is one of the straightest, as well as one of its most consistent putters. Another element in his recent success is a change of tactics. "When I first came out I played safe," he says. "I just wanted to build a bankroll. Now I've got that and I can start trying to win titles." His recent victory in the New Orleans Open—over a long course—helped both his bankroll and his confidence. Last year he tied for 15th at Augusta, and he is playing far better golf now than he was then. The question with any young pro is whether he can take the pressure of being a major contender. "I believe so," Rudolph says. "I've blown a few, but now pressure works for me. In the closing holes I'm thinking about birdies instead of pars."



DOW FINSTERWALD

He missed by the margin of a silly two-stroke penalty in 1960, he lost a playoff in 1962 and he tied for fifth last year, but this possessor of one of the tour's steadiest games has still failed to convince many people that he could ever win the Masters. "He's got an awful lot of shots and he's very good around the greens, but..." shrugs one touring pro. "He doesn't have confidence in his hook, and you've got to hook at Augusta," says another. "He can't win because he's not bold enough," says a third. This is hardly a four-star endorsement, and even Finsterwald is not particularly sanguine about his own chances. "I'm not long enough to keep up with guys like Palmer and Nicklaus," he says. "Only if I putt well, will I score well. But the course puts a big premium on putting. You can hit a lot of greens, yet it's hard to get close to the hole." Finsterwald's putting this winter has been as good as ever, and the rest of his game has been sound, if not spectacular. To win at Augusta he will have to stay close to the top and then sink a crucial putt or two on the last 18—which is not so impossible.



The holes I have not mentioned are fine ones, too, of course, but aside from the fact that on them the long hitter will usually be able to hit a slightly shorter iron shot to the green, they give him no unusual advantage. The 15th, a par 5 of 520 yards whose green is guarded by a pond, is a possible, if not very subtle, exception. If a golfer can hit his tee shot far enough on this hole he can reasonably gamble on reaching the green with a wood or long iron. If not, he must lay up short of the pond with his second shot, leaving himself with a very touchy pitch. Very often, however, the wind is dead against you, and even the long hitter is smart to play his second shot safely short of the water.

Add this all up and you see why the long hitters have

been successful at Augusta. When the tournament is over at the end of next week the man who gets the winner's green jacket will have played some very good golf, you can be sure of that. But if the new Masters champion is not one of the game's established power hitters you can also be sure that he either putted as if the hole was a foot wide or he played the boldest and best 72 holes of his golfing career.

Off their play in 1964, and especially in recent weeks, here are eight who rank with Nicklaus as top Masters threats

BILLY CASPER

This will be the third consecutive spring in which Casper, on the basis of the winter tour form chart, has come into Augusta as a strong contender. His recent victory in the Doral Open, over a tough field on a tough golf course, proves that he is approaching his peak again. But, despite a consistently rhythmic swing and normally the surest putting touch in golf, Casper has never played up to his promise at Augusta. He tied for 15th in 1962 and for 11th last year. Prior to Doral this year, Casper was bothered by an erratic hook in his iron shots that resulted from an injury to his left hand last May. Now that nuisance has been brought under control, and he has only one serious—and surprising—weakness, his putting. "I'm taking 33 putts a round where I used to average 30," he complains. His pluses, however, are big ones. Each year he grows increasingly proficient in all departments, especially the long clubs. And each year he reaffirms that he has one of golf's soundest temperaments: hard to ruffle, yet diligently competitive. He is due for a good Masters showing—overdue, in fact.



ARNOLD PALMER

There is a growing suspicion that 1964 will be a critical year in Palmer's competitive career, and the 1964 Masters certainly will be a big test. The challenge posed by Jack Nicklaus has not only made it harder for Palmer to win his share of major championships, it has also inspired the other players with the idea that Palmer can be had—this after four years of thinking that Arnie wasn't mortal. "We don't all fall over in a dead faint any more when Palmer starts one of those charges of his," said one pro last month. What is Palmer planning to do about it? Start smoking again? "No, that's no problem," he says, though his concentration is obviously not sharp. Long sessions on the practice tee? "Not necessarily," he says. "I'm playing well. If I can start chipping and putting I'll be in good shape." Intensive practice rounds at Augusta? "No, I think I used up all my good shots in practice there last year. I'll get there Monday or so." All in all, a sensible approach. And don't get carried away by the big bellyhoo of Palmer's troubles. Remember, he won this one every other year.



ART WALL

Down the fairway, on the green and into the cup is the respectful assessment his fellow professionals make of the man who brought fame to the baseball grip by winning the 1959 Masters. Higher praise could hardly be lavished on a golfer, and now that his sore back is fully mended the praise is all the more justified. "My back used to hurt so much I don't even want to think about it," says the 40-year-old Wall. "Now there is no pain, and I can take a full turn going back and a free swing going through the ball." The result has been dramatic. He won the San Diego Open in January and followed this with three impressive victories on the Caribbean tour. He has regained most of the distance he lost when his back went out in late 1959, and he is hitting the ball much straighter. Where the Masters is concerned, however, Wall's strength lies in his good putting. He agrees with this but adds: "It's partly because I hit the ball to where the putt will be easiest." Wall is one of the quietest and most conservative men on the tour, but he wouldn't mind owning another green coat.



PAUL HARNEY

Only in 1946, when Herman Keiser beat Ben Hogan by one stroke, has a genuine long shot won the Masters. The tradition will probably be maintained again next week, but if you are the kind that likes to have a long shot to watch, take Harney. Not quite 35, but now rarely seen on the tour, Harney seems to thrive on inactivity. Last year he arrived at the \$100,000 Thunderbird Classic with just time enough to play a nine-hole practice round in shirt and tie, and ended up losing to Palmer in a sudden-death playoff. The next week he nearly won the U.S. Open. "When you play the tour every week you get too involved in it," he says. "Now I feel more relaxed, and I play better." Harney, one of the game's longest hitters, has the length to play well at Augusta. His best showing was sixth in 1961, but he is capable of doing better. Harney dropped off the tour in January, shortly after winning the Los Angeles Open, but he is practicing hard and feels hopeful. "The Masters field isn't all that strong," he says. "Frankly, of the major championships, it is probably the easiest to win."



No one is better able to assess the promotional value of major golf championships than Mark McCormack, business manager and legal adviser to the game's big three—Palmer, Nicklaus and Player. Here he discloses that the Masters is the most lucrative event of all, the one where you...



SHOOT FOR A MILLION

BY MARK H. McCORMACK

Next week another Masters champion is going to be crowned at Augusta, Ga., and golf followers everywhere will be impressed by the fact that the winner will receive a check in the neighborhood of \$20,000. What most spectators at the course and people watching on national television do not know is that winning the Masters can mean so much more than \$20,000 that a competitor would be perfectly justified in lapsing into a nervous shake that would unscrew the cleats from his shoes, for the Masters is the biggest money tournament of them all. It may, in fact, be the most lucrative event in all of sports.

Exactly how much in nonprize money the Masters champion can earn depends, of course, upon his current stature as a tournament player, the status of his various contracts and the intelligence he uses in capitalizing on his victory. But I know from experience that under the best of conditions it is possible for a single victory at Augusta to be worth more than \$1 million. I saw it happen to Gary Player in 1961, and I was fortunate enough to help make it happen.

There is one big reason that the Masters has a value in the United States that comfortably exceeds that of the U.S. Open Championship, which is the next most important golf tournament in the world and the one people normally think pays the biggest dividends to its winners. The reason is that the Masters is played in early April. It is the first major outdoor sports event every spring. It takes place two months ahead of the Open, an important two months since the Masters champion is the only major sport winner who can be promoted during this period. And look at the Open. It is followed in two weeks by the British Open, and usually one week after that comes the National PGA Championship—the fourth and final leg of what is considered the modern-day Grand Slam of golf.

Therefore, three of the four top championships follow each other rapidly while the Masters is back in April, all alone. This is advantageous to the Masters winner for many reasons: an equipment company has five months in which it can easily put an autographed club line on the market bearing the name of the Masters champion for the next selling season, which begins in the fall; an apparel manufacturer can get out an autographed clothing line for the Masters winner; a publisher can have a book ready for the Christmas season under the byline of the Masters champion; a TV show can be packaged and sold for the winter television season featuring the Masters champion; and, finally, country clubs which plan golf exhibitions generally schedule them in April, May and June for play in July, August and September, and the Masters champion is the most wanted candidate for these—his fee increases by as much as 500% with the victory.

All of the above can happen to the U.S. Open champion two months later, but in each case the time available for entering into negotiations and putting together sound contracts is very limited. The PGA champion is even worse off. He misses most of the summer exhibitions, the fall lines of goods and the TV possibilities. By the time the next year rolls around, his PGA win is ancient history, for there is a new Masters champion in the public eye. As a matter of fact, the PGA Championship is so insignificant in comparison to the Masters and U.S. Open insofar as nonprize money is concerned that it is hardly worth mentioning, and yet it is the tournament that would complete a Grand Slam.

Golf fans may wonder if there is any promotional value in some of the other better-known tournaments on the tour, many of them classics in their own right. Let's pose

continued



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a situation. A golfer fails to win one of the big four this year but he does capture six or eight other championships. What is that worth, above the prize money? I am afraid that any effort to promote those successes into something more would be fruitless. I have found this to be one of the hard facts of golf life. So the four major titles are everything, and in the United States the Masters can be worth almost as much as the other three put together.

Most players who have not won a major championship cannot conceive just how tremendous a thing a victory in the Masters has become. No sooner has the list putted dropped than the winner is confronted by offers of television appearances and contracts, foreign appearances and contracts, exhibition offers, speaking engagements and numerous clothing and equipment contracts that would not have been possible without the victory. In addition, no matter who he is, there are rewards such as bonuses from his equipment manufacturers that range from \$500 to \$1,000 for an unknown, and up to \$20,000 for a top name; an invitation to the World Series of Golf; a lifetime invitation to the Masters; and, of course, being immortalized as one of golf's best players.

Take the case of Gary Player. Gary was a well-known star before he ever won at Augusta, but it was the Masters championship in 1961 that changed his life forever. In fact, it is doubtful if any golfer has ever derived more benefit from a single victory. Gary today is still capitalizing on that championship, and he will be for years. Here is how his victory hits the million-dollar class:

His first \$5,000 was automatic, because that was the bonus the First Flight company guaranteed him if he won any major title while using its clubs. Then you may recall that shortly after he won the 1961 Masters he appeared on the Perry Como TV show—doing an imitation of Elvis Presley. That particular appearance was initiated two days before the tournament ended and was predicated on Gary's winning. The exploitation of a Masters victory, you see, begins at once. Within another month Gary was involved with all kinds of things—gloves, grips, even a fee for eating raisins from the California Raisin Advisory Board. (One of the stipulations in that contract said, "You will eat raisins whenever possible.") He endorsed a driving net, a vitamin pill and wheat germ, and he signed a one-year contract with a country club near Jacksonville. But these things were small in comparison to what developed later, almost all because he was a Masters champion. Within months the First Flight company introduced a line of Player equipment, and this arrangement was eventually worth more than \$100,000 to Gary. He soon embarked on a world exhibition tour with Arnold Palmer. To date, 32 matches have been played and the gross income has run as high as \$12,000 per match. In addition, immediately following the Masters, Gary's apparel company, which until that time had made only a Player jacket and shirt, undertook an overall apparel program that guaranteed him more than \$100,000. Slightly over a year later, and still as a result of the Masters, Gary became Arnold Palmer's partner on television's *Challenge Golf*, a contract that dwarfs those of all other TV golf shows. Finally, the 1961 Masters was primarily responsible for Gary entering into a long-term arrangement with the Shakespeare Company for use of his

name in connection with a line of clubs (the Black Knight model, which Gary had considered calling the Black Panther), golf balls and Fiberglas Wondershafes. This contract alone will almost certainly mean more than \$1 million to Player over a period of years.

With all of the sound investment opportunities that arrive with a Masters victory, there are just as many unsteady ones. I have heard my share. Overnight, it seems, the champion is besieged with requests to put his name and money in various promotions and products and, if he is too eager to capitalize, there can be some real adventures. I like to think that I have helped Palmer, Nicklaus and Player weed through the opportunities and have managed to guide them in the most desirable direction. We investigate every opportunity, naturally, whether it be an African safari (Palmer was once offered a couple of thousand dollars just to go along for some mysterious reason) or a Jack Nicklaus marshmallow candy bar (being considered) or Gary Player's raisins.

But caution is crucial for a newly crowned Masters champion. He hardly has his green jacket on before he is offered such things as the following, all of which have actually been proposed: a putt-well mechanism, a transistor to measure the velocity of tee shots, a swing trainer, a dozen different golf parlor games, a chance to have his likeness enshrined in wax, a secret theory that will insure the Masters title every year, an electric light device that will groove the swing and even a compound that will decaffeinate cigarettes for the chain-smoking Masters winner. We still receive an offer of one invention a day.

The opportunities would stretch farther than a Palmer drive, and I know of no player who has had more of them come his way than Arnold, who has of course been a player of world stature since winning his first of three Masters championships in 1958. Palmer is now engaged in a network of businesses that includes golf club manufacturing, carts, grips, shafts, putting courses, driving ranges, shoes, apparel, gloves, public relations, writing, laundry, dry cleaning, a maid service and a variety of other endorsements and benefits, not the least of which is Coca-Cola, which asks that he make the soft drink "a part of his life."

The new Masters champion, flushed with success, must be careful not to shut off any possible avenues of financial reward. Here again is where his own intelligence or proper guidance pays off. Without looking carefully at every contract, a champion can quite obviously tie himself up and lose out on a very lucrative offer that will turn up later. A carefully written contract can sometimes result in a very pleasant discovery. Before winning the Masters in 1960, Palmer had a contract with Munsingwear shirts which, among other things, guaranteed him \$250 each time Munsingwear's Penguin emblem was clearly exposed on national television following a major tournament win. While this contract was in force, Arnold had a handsome opportunity to enter into another venture making his own shirts. In attempting to find a way for Arnold to do both, we discovered that Arnold had done an L & M cigarette commercial wearing a Munsingwear shirt and that it had appeared about 55 times on national TV, with the Penguin showing as clearly as Arnold's profile. We did not subsequently demand that Munsingwear pay Arnold the \$14,000 or so

continued

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PASEO DE LA REFORMA 38,

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MASTERS PREVIEW *continued*

But finding the clause may have been influential in enabling Arnold to go into his own shirt business.

Matters like the above are routine in the complex world of business, but they can become as much a part of the Masters champion's life as the headcovers on his woods—which he can also endorse. It is a complicated new world that engulfs him, and very often his future success hinges on how well he adjusts.

Make no mistake about the fact that the magic world of a sports champion is a fickle one. Even champions rising to the heights of a Palmer, Nicklaus or Player are pawns in the massive, changing, rigorously competitive arenas of advertising and marketing. You may consider this evolution of events in 1962 as pretty typical. The Wills tobacco company of Australia wanted Nicklaus for an appearance the next fall. We were just about to close the deal when Palmer won the Masters. Then, of course, the Wills company decided it wanted Arnold instead of Jack. Since Arnold already had a commitment that prevented the appearance it looked like both of them were out of luck. But two months later Jack won the U.S. Open, so the company switched back again to Nicklaus. Jack Nicklaus, incidentally, because of his age—be it 10 years younger than Palmer—and his potential to remain among the dominant players in golf, has almost no long-term contracts. There is a very good reason. If he continues to be successful as a player, and there is every indication that he will, he can renegotiate all contracts on the most advantageous terms. In that sense, therefore, a second Masters championship for Nicklaus would go a long way toward making him the richest professional ever to swing a club.

There is one last thought that might help get across how valuable a Masters victory has become. I am the business manager and legal counsel for the men who have won the last four Masters championships—Palmer, Nicklaus and Player. So extensive have their interests and holdings become that in the last 15 months I have had to travel, on their behalf, to South Africa twice, Australia twice, Europe five times, Hawaii four times, the West Coast 12 times and from my Cleveland office to New York 33 times. And essentially, I am now convinced, this was almost all because of that one grand tournament that is held each year in Augusta, Ga.

END



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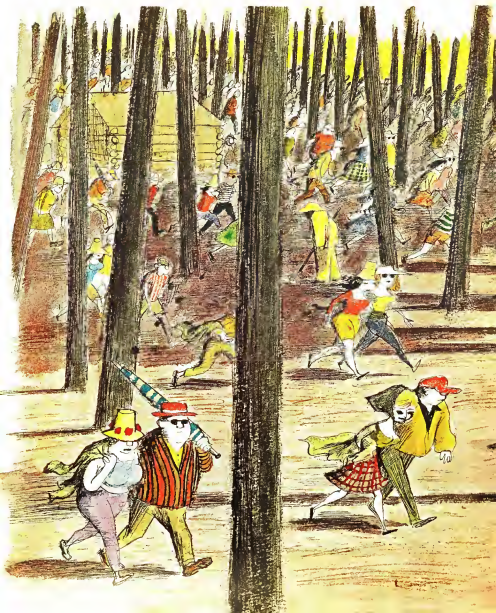
THOSE WHO WATCH GOLF BEAR WATCHING

A Masters gallery knows it is viewing a major sports spectacle, but it never realizes that it is a considerable sporting spectacle itself. When Artist Marc Simont went to his first Masters last year he found himself only mildly interested in the exploits of Nicklaus and Palmer and Snead, partly because he could not take his eyes off the attire, gyrations and observation methods of the 40,000 spectators. Whether they had taken a leisurely post for long-range viewing and short-range beer sipping near the Eisenhower cottage (as at right) or were out in the thick of things pursuing their favorites, they were indeed a many-splendored sight.





Arnie may follow the fairways, but those who would follow Arnie must rush pell-mell



through forests of Georgia's darkest pines to reach the next strategic viewing point





A PRO GOLFER'S CANDID STORY: PART III

THIS ONE IS FUN, BUT THE OPEN IS TORTURE

BY TONY LEMA
WITH GWILYM S. BROWN

No matter how many times they tell you, the only way to fully appreciate why the Masters championship is so special is to play in one yourself. And no matter how many times they warn you, the only way to learn that the U.S. Open is a torture chamber disguised as a sports event is to have a chance to win it. And finally, no matter how many times you told yourself in the bad years that the rewards could never be worth the effort, all you have to do is have the vantage point of one good season to understand that this is truly a splendid life we lead "out here." I managed to come by all three of these major personal discoveries in one year—last year. I am going to tell you about them, not because I am writing any autobiography of Tony Lema, golf semistar, but because once you have read what a competitor thinks and feels about the Masters and U.S. Open you will more fully enjoy what you see and read about these events.

I faced the 1963 season with a certain



Tony prances with joy as his putt on the 18th goes in, giving him a chance to win the Masters.

amount of understandable apprehension. I felt reasonably sure that it was my five years of hard experience on the tour and my more mature attitude toward competitive golf that had finally made me a winner in the fall of 1962, but I could not be absolutely sure. At the outset of 1963 I felt that I had to keep winning to prove myself. Strange to say, it was not a win at all, but a second-place finish—in the first Masters I ever played in—that gave me the confidence to make the year a truly successful one.

I was without a win, but I *continued*

Nobody sees the finish of a Masters in person except the innermost circle of fans and the camera-men who teeter to take such photographs as the one of Lema at right.

was fourth on the money list with a total of \$14,831 as the tour came into Augusta, Ga. Ahead of me were golf's so-called Big Three: Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus and Gary Player.

In addition to the money I had won, I also found that I had reached a high, if not exalted, station on the tour. Now tournament sponsors would come after me, trying to make sure that I would be playing in their event. All of a sudden people were doing favors for me: making plane and hotel reservations, meeting me at the airport when I arrived in town, seeing to it that a new car was at my disposal while I was there. This is standard treatment for the top players on the tour. If we felt so inclined many of us would never have to lift a finger as we traveled the whole circuit. We could be wine dined, praised, chauffeured, flattered, partied, toasted, served, adored, caressed, coddled, pampered and spoiled. I was impressed by the fact that even once-neglected locker-room attendants suddenly had a big bright smile and a big bright locker for me every time I checked in at a club.

National publicity and some solid performances had placed me among the favorites as the 80 players invited to the Masters began to collect in Augusta

early last April. Being one of the favorites is a role that no touring pro much enjoys. To someone unaccustomed to it, like myself, it creates the sensation of being out in front where everyone can take a shot at you. One trick I resort to that probably doesn't do any good at all, but at least makes me feel good, is to tell any reporter who asks that I have shot abnormally high practice-round scores. "A bunch over par," I say.

While everyone playing at Augusta feels the pressure, the first thing I discovered as I began to learn my way around is that the Masters is fun. The stakes are high, but the pleasure of playing the Augusta National course is so acute that it almost completely submerges the nervous tension.

From the moment I turned off the main highway and into the long, magnolia-lined driveway that leads to the white Colonial clubhouse, I felt I was entering the Old World life of a southern plantation. The main building looks like a tobacco baron's mansion, and when a player arrives he is treated like a visiting diplomat or an honored guest. A doorman took my clubs and rushed them off to the caddie house. I stepped inside the door, registered at the front desk and was led upstairs to my locker. It was

located smack under four pictures of Bobby Jones, the club's president, sinking the four putts that won him the Grand Slam in 1930. Around the clubhouse were framed photographs of past Masters' winners: Horton Smith, Gene Sarazen, Craig Wood, Byron Nelson, Sam Snead, Ben Hogan, Arnold Palmer and all the others. And—amazingly, it seemed—you would look around you and there would be these very people. It was as if a picture history book of golf had been brought to life.

Nor was my first look at the course itself any less exciting. In fact, it is the finest course I have ever seen or played on. When you get out on it you feel you just cannot get enough of it. I wanted to lie down and roll around on the fairway, it looked so beautiful.

The Venturis, Ken and his wife Conni, had invited Bo Wininger and me to share the three-bedroom house they had rented near the course. This made it convenient for Ken and me to play our practice rounds together, and we would often be joined by Byron Nelson. It was these sessions that made it possible for me to do as well at Augusta as I did.

When I got on the first tee the day the tournament began I was pretty tense. I was actually wondering if I would be

continued

THE SHOT THAT ENDED HIS OPEN HOPES



On the last day of the 1963 Open, Lema mistakenly felt he had to go for the pin at the 17th hole. His bold approach shot was long, rolling into a trap. This sequence shows the wedge he then hit over the green. His last chance to win was gone.



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LEMA'S MASTERS *continued*

able to get the ball off the tee and down the fairway. So I teed my ball up, stepped back from it for a moment, took a deep breath, then stepped up and just hit it as hard as I could. When I looked up I could see the ball scaring way out, right down the middle. I have heard that there is a *Peanuts* cartoon that says, "Happiness is getting off the first tee without making a fool of yourself." It sure is—at least at Augusta. I was paired with Tommy Bolt and, while he has a reputation as a hot-tempered, explosive player, golf with Tommy is something I enjoy. Tommy responds to compliments as warmly as most people do. So I always tell him what a great player he is, how great he is looking that day or how many great shots he is hitting. Tommy knows I am laying it on pretty thick, but nothing I say is not based on fact. And it puts us both in a good mood. The round becomes a distinct pleasure, and I was pleased with my 74.

During the second round I was paired with Snead, and again my confidence was given a big boost. I shot a 69 to Snead's 73, and actually hit a few that prompted Snead to say, "Nice shot." Sam doesn't usually smile too much or say too much during a round. I figured if I had reached the point where Sam was commenting, then I must be playing super golf. The 69 put me into contention, and when I shot a 74 during the wet, cold and rainy third day I maintained my position. I started the last round at 217, in fourth place and three shots back of Jack Nicklaus.

The feeling I had before the last round started is something I can never forget. I was upstairs in the clubhouse looking at the pairing sheet posted on the bulletin board. Dan Sikes came up the stairs and stood next to me, also studying the list. "Tony," he said in his Florida drawl, "you just might be able to win this thing."

I said, "I feel so charged up I could walk out the door to the porch over there, walk right through the railing and float to the first tee."

That is the way I felt the entire afternoon. I thought that if I could play a steady front nine I would be in a very good position to win. I played it in 35, one under par, and when I checked the huge scoreboard as I walked to the 10th tee I could see that I had gained a stroke on Nicklaus. But I missed a short putt on 10, and three-putted 11,

The 12th hole is a par-3 where the hazards are a pond in front of the green and a swirly wind that is impossible to out-guess. Many a Masters has been lost on this hole. I hit a wonderful shot here and left myself with a putt of no more than eight feet, a putt that I desperately needed to stay in the contest. When the putt just missed I could control my temper no longer. As I tapped my second putt into the hole and pulled out the ball, I barked out a stream of the filthiest language I had used since mastering out of the Marines in 1955. When I straightened up I noticed my playing partner, a Nationalist Chinese named Chen Ching-po who was also having his troubles in the final round, looking at me in a funny way. I walked over to him and apologized for using such language in front of a visitor to my country. He smiled and then said in very broken English: "Is all right. If I knew those words I would use them myself." That made me feel good again, and I birdied the 13th and held on for the next few holes as Snead and Player both moved toward the top and then inexplicably collapsed. Going into 18, I was two strokes in back of Nicklaus, who was playing one hole behind me.

I figured I was passing this way, and who knows when I would ever be so close again, so I was just going to take a good long smell of the flowers. On my second shot I hit a bold four-iron, ignoring a dangerous trap, and it ended up about 22 feet from the hole. The putt had to slide downhill and break two ways. As soon as I hit the ball I knew it had a chance. In it went, and the exhilaration and relief I felt were immeasurable. It was like an explosion inside me. The experience left me wrung out and jumpy. After I signed my card, four informed Pinkertons led me through the crowd and back into Cliff Roberts' private office in the clubhouse, the same room in which Ken Venturi had sat in 1960 and watched Palmer beat him.

There in Roberts' office were Roberts himself; Bob Jones, whom I was now meeting for the first time; Arnold Palmer; and Labron Harris, who was likely to be the low amateur. A TV set and TV cameras were also present. Arnie looked pretty glum, but he congratulated me warmly and we all sat down with drinks

continued

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and watched the set. We saw Nicklaus play the 18th and saw his second shot come up too strongly and stop about 35 feet above the hole. At that moment I thought that his downhill putt was so tough that he would surely three-putt the green and put us into a playoff on the following day. I was extremely tense at this moment, but I realized—or tried to convince myself—that there was absolutely nothing I could do about things, either way. I just had to sit and watch Nicklaus win the Masters or watch him tie with me. I told myself not to expect anything. His first putt rolled three feet past the hole, and when I saw his second putt I thought that it could not possibly go in. How it did I will never know. I guess he just had the guts to hit it hard enough. When it dived from sight into the hole so did all my emotions and all my hopes. I felt I would never have the strength to rise from the chair I was sitting in. There was a lot of incoherent talk and finally Jack came in on Cloud Nine, and we all congratulated him. On my way out to the presentation ceremony Ken Venturi came over and grabbed me, and we stepped into a side room to have a short talk. There were tears in Ken's eyes and tears in mine, and we staggered around the room like two blind people, trying to regain our composure. Now we both knew what it meant to come so close to winning this great tournament.

Once the shock had worn off I realized how well I must have played to be the runner-up, only a stroke back of a truly magnificent player like Nicklaus, and how tournament-tough I must finally have become, being able to survive the pressure of those closing holes and finish with a birdie on the last one. I now had the confidence I needed, that we all need out here to win.

The difference between the Masters and the U.S. Open is the difference between fun and fear. At Augusta you are playing aggressively to try to wrench a few birdies out of the golf course. The Open is played on a different course each year, but they all have shocking similarities. The greens are slick and fast, the sand traps are as deep as bomb craters, the fairways are so narrow you could use them to conduct a sobriety test and the rough alongside each fairway and around each green is jungle-deep. In the Open you must play defensively for pars in order to protect yourself from disaster. Let's face it. Most of

us go into the Open just plain scared, scared by the thoughts of the prestige, the money and the ego satisfaction at stake and scared by the course. The tension shows in a shortness of breath, a lack of appetite, restless nights and an overpowering desire to drink yourself to sleep in the evening. You can tell that the Open is coming up by the way the players start to joke about it. Their laughter rings with false bravado. When they play their practice rounds they moan and groan about how difficult the course is. Everyone seems to expect a terrible round or two and tries to prepare himself for it. Nerves are shot. The clock worriers, for example, get even worse. These are players who live in fear that a motel operator won't wake them up, and they will be disqualified for missing their tee-off time. Sound strange? It is, but guys lose sleep all year long thinking about it. And vitamin sales soar. Just about everyone on the tour is a vitamin-pill bug. We gobble them like turkeys turned loose in a corn bin. Half the time we don't even know what kind of vitamin we are swallowing, but we have complete faith that it will balance our diets, keep our hair from falling out, make us feel fit all day and add 10 yards to our tee shots. Especially at Open time.

F or those who played there during the 1963 Open, The Country Club in Brookline, Mass. will always be memorable—like a head-on collision is memorable. I couldn't believe a course could be so hard. I must have had an 85 my first practice round. But I was not the only one in a state of shock. This was the toughest golf test for the touring pros in years, and it was about to teach me quite a lesson, the kind of lesson that could interest spectators who wonder why certain things happen.

The greatest change in golf in a decade has been in what you could call the climate of the game. Winning the Open in 1956 meant more than a little prestige, but really nothing compared to what it means today. Golf is now played for very high stakes—not just what they give away at the site of the tournament, but also what the magnetic appeal of a major title will draw in terms of business contracts. Yet it is also a fact that golf is not designed to be played under this kind of pressure. It is a game for a pleasant

continued



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LEMA'S MASTERS continued

day with a quiet group of friends. It is a game of extreme delicacy, where there is little margin for error. When a man is trying to play this delicate game in the hot-house pressure caused by cheering crowds, gaping TV cameras and the knowledge that hundreds of thousands of dollars are at stake, he and his golf game can shatter as easily as a crystal goblet. Generally speaking, it takes a very special kind of man to win the big tournaments today. An aggressive Arnold Palmer, for instance. A phlegmatic Julius Boros. A relentless Jack Nicklaus. Or someone with the calm assurance of Billy Casper. I'm not sure I'm really cut out for pro golf. I should be playing something like football or basketball, where I have a chance to run and shout and very little time to think about the consequences of what I have done or will do. There is too much time on those long walks between shots to think about yourself, the other players, the danger that lies ahead, the disastrous results of stumbling into that danger; of the hero you will be if you successfully negotiate the danger, or the choke-up artist you will be called if you do not; of your wife, who is walking along with you but hidden somewhere in the gallery; of your friends who are watching on television; of the score you must shoot to win and of the putt that you just missed on the last hole. Above all, you think about the drama of being on stage, of being a vital figure in a big-time production like a U.S. Open or a Masters Tournament. These are not the thoughts you should be wrestling with when you are trying to hit a little white ball into a little black hole.

Maybe those are the kinds of things I was thinking about on the 13th green during the last round of the 1963 Open. I was only two strokes behind the leader, Jacky Cupit, who was a very tough holes behind me. I was about 20 feet from the hole. Walter Burkemo, my playing partner, was a little closer than that so I putted first and rolled the ball about 18 inches past.

"Do you mind waiting while I putt out?" I asked Walter. I then stood over my putt—and missed it. It went all the way around the hole and it stayed out. Woof! It was like being kicked in the groin. You say to yourself, "No, no, it didn't happen. Let me putt it again and make it all right." But there is nothing more irrevocable than a missed putt. Now I was three shots back. I decided I

absolutely must play a forcing game to see if I couldn't get back some of these strokes. I could not wait for Cupit to give them back.

By the time I was walking down the 17th fairway I was in the middle of a scene Cecil B. DeMille could hardly have produced. It was like being a legion commander marching through the streets of Rome. Eighteen thousand people lined the fairways shouting themselves hoarse. Nobody was catching Cupit, but he was coming back to us. He now had only a one-stroke lead, and right on his heels were Palmer, Boros, Paul Harney and myself. Then I heard a violent eruption of sound from the 16th green behind me. Palmer, obviously, had birdied the hole and was now a shot ahead of me. I had hardly walked another 25 steps before there was a huge roar from the gallery on the 15th. Cupit had chipped in from the edge for a birdie that put him two shots ahead of me and one ahead of Palmer. In front of me on the 17th green was Boros and, as I watched, he knocked in a 20-foot birdie putt that put him square with me.

Well, I was hardly feeling serene and confident by this time. I was feeling desperate. I just knew I had to birdie the last two holes to stand any kind of chance. This desperation, I think, came from inexperience. I have played in very few major championships. This was, in fact, only the second major tournament in which I had ever been in contention. Now here I was standing in the 17th fairway with everyone making birdies around me and the crowd yelling as if it were at a bullfight. I had counted myself out of the tournament and thought that nothing short of a miracle could ever bring me home in front. As it turned out, if I had parred the last two holes I would have been in the playoff, too. With a little more experience I might have realized that the other contenders might be about to take a little of the gas themselves. I gambled on the iron shot to 17, lost the gamble by hitting it too firm, missed a very hard shot out of the trap and took a bogey. Then I bogeyed 18, too. I signed my card, put my head down and trudged into the locker room. On television I watched Palmer miss a short putt to bogey the 17th hole and watched Cupit hit a series of bad shots and bad putts to double-bogey the 17th. So they both tied Boros at 293.

How easy it might have been for me

continued

BARMATE

HOME BARTENDERS' GUIDE TO EXPERT DRINK MIXING



LIFT THESE ADVERTISING PAGES OUT BY REMOVING STAPLES

As served at Sardi's Restaurant
and Sardi's East, New York



"I told her I like old-fashioned girls,
so she ordered five in a row."

Comfort® Old-Fashioned

Simply switch from whiskey to Southern Comfort for a tremendous improvement.



Dash Angostura bitters—
½ tsp. sugar (optional)
Splash dry soda
1 jigger (1½ oz.)
Southern Comfort

Stir bitters, sugar, and soda in glass;
add ice cubes and S.C. Top with a twist
of lemon peel, orange slice, and cherry.
As served at the Goslight Club, Paris,
Chicago, New York, and Washington
SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION

HOW TO HAVE FUN MIXING FAMOUS DRINKS AT HOME

Remove the new recipe guide above . . .
then read these simple hints on how to use it

If you enjoy mixed drinks, but don't know how to mix them . . . if you cringe when a guest asks for a popular drink you've never made . . . here's your answer. Just save this handy "Barmate". It takes the work—and the guesswork—out of mixing great drinks. It makes you an expert. Here's why.

This guide contains the secrets of the experts, yet the recipes are simple, easy to follow. You'll have fun offering friends famous cocktails mixed the way they make 'em at top spots all across the nation. And, you'll be able to expertly mix drinks made with all the popular basic liquors, including whiskey, gin, vodka, rum and Southern Comfort. Try a few tonight. You'll be amazed at your own talent. But one of the most valuable tips in the "Barmate" goes even further.

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of Southern Comfort as the base for your Manhattans, Old-Fashioneds, Sours, Collinses, etc. Try this trick and friends will praise your mixing skill. Of course, the secret is in the difference of taste and character of this basic liquor. It adds a deliciousness no other basic liquor can.

What is Southern Comfort? It's a special kind of liquor. Back in the early days of the Old South, men had time for the finer things in life. One such man-of-leisure in New Orleans was disturbed by the taste of even the finest whiskeys. So he took time to "smooth his spirits" with some rare and delicious ingredients . . . and Southern Comfort was born.

The formula for this unique liquor is still a family secret. But millions have discovered its pleasure. Try a bottle. See how it perks up drinks you've made for years. There's nothing like it. Just pour a jigger-full . . . straight, over ice cubes. One sip will convince you! Incidentally, that's the way thousands enjoy their Southern Comfort most of all.



"No thanks, I never mix business with pleasure."

As served at Sardi's
Restaurant &
Sardi's East, New York

COMFORT™ Manhattan

A taste tells you why Manhattan Island is proud to have this drink as a namesake.
1 jigger (1½ oz.) Seethers Comfort
½ oz. French (dry) vermouth
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)
Stir with cracked ice until thoroughly chilled, strain into cocktail glass. Serve with cherry.

ORDINARY MANHATTAN

½ oz. Italian (sweet) vermouth
1 jigger Bourbon or rye
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)
Stir thoroughly with cracked ice and strain into glass. Serve with a cherry.



Three brimming
bowlfule of cheer
add a punch line
to your welcome on
special occasions.



The business of mixing's always a pleasure with these easy recipes!

DRY MARTINI

1 part French (dry) vermouth
4 parts gin or vodka

Stir with cracked ice until cold. Strain, and serve in pre-chilled glass with green olive, pearl onion, or twist of lemon peel.

MARGARITA

1 oz. Cointreau or triple sec • 1/2 oz. Triple Sec
1 oz. lime or lemon juice

Molten glass rim with the fruit rind, and spin the moist rim in ash. Shake ingredients well with cracked ice, and strain into glass.

Sip your drink over the salted edge.

BLOODY MARY

1 jigger (1 1/2 oz.) vodka • 2 jiggers tomato juice
1/2 jigger lemon juice • dash Worcestershire sauce

Salt and pepper to taste. Shake with cracked ice and strain into 6-oz. glass.

COLD TODDY

1/2 tsp. sugar • 1 oz. water
2 oz. Scotch or Bourbon

Stir sugar with water in glass. Add ice cubes and liquor, top with lemon peel twist.

Super laddy, anybody? Try one made with Southern Comfort.



CHIMLET

4 parts gin or vodka
1 part Rose's sweetened lime juice

Shake well with cracked ice and strain into pre-chilled glass. A pleasant change of pace.

RUM SWIZZLE

Juice 1/2 lime • 1 tsp. sugar
2 1/2 oz. light rum • 4 dashes bitters

Mix in glass pitcher with plenty of finely cracked ice. Stir vigorously until the mixture foams, serve in double Old-Fashioned glass.

RED RUBY

1/2 jigger (1/2 oz.) Italian (sweet) vermouth
1 jigger (1 1/2 oz.) Scotch • dash Angostura bitters

Stir with cracked ice and strain; serve with twist of lemon peel.

DAIQUIRI

Juice 1/2 lime or 1/4 lemon
1 tsp. sugar • 1 jigger (1 1/2 oz.) light rum

Shake thoroughly with cracked ice until shaker frosts, and strain into glass.

Give a Daiquiri a new accent; use Southern Comfort instead of rum. (Use only 1/2 tsp. sugar.)



ANNIVERSARY PUNCH

Bottle (500ml) Southern Comfort
1 cup (8 oz.) cranberry juice

1 qt. sparkling water • dash Angostura bitters
1/2 cup lemon or lime juice • 2 qts. champagne

Pre-cool ingredients; pour into punch bowl over large piece of ice. Add champagne last, and decorate with fruit slices. Serves 20.



COMFORT® EGGNOG

1 qt. dairy egg nog mix
1 cup Southern Comfort

Pre-chill egg nog mix and Southern Comfort. Blend in punch bowl by beating, dust with nutmeg. Serves 10. You'll find your holiday egg nog will reach new heights of flavor.



PARTY PUNCH

Bottle (1 1/2 qt.) Southern Comfort
4 oz. Jamaica rum • 4 oz. lemon juice

1 cup (8 oz.) pineapple juice • 1 cup grapefruit juice
2 qts. champagne or sparkling water

Pre-cool ingredients. Mix in punch bowl; add champagne last. Add ice; garnish with orange slices. Serves 25, and puts punch into any party.

**Southern Comfort®*

BARMATE

HOME BARTENDERS' GUIDE TO EXPERT DRINK MIXING

44 PRIZE RECIPES

(...just like the top spots make 'em!)



These striking contemporary glasses can be yours at only \$3.50 per set! See special offer on previous page.



The sparkling new '64 Bag Boy is perfect for any golfer. One glance at the modern sports styling of this new Bag Boy tells you this is the world's finest. Once you try it you know here is the one that is engineered for excellence, with more quality features that count. That's why it is the world's favorite golf cart. Available at leading golf and professional shops, sporting goods and department stores or write Jarman-Williamson Co., 601 N.E. 28th Ave., Portland Oregon 97232. Special \$29.95, Deluxe \$37.95.

Softer ride - Easier rolling

Bag Boy

WITH air-light CUSHION TIRES

One somewhere in the gallery, or your friends who are watching on television; of the score you must shoot to win and of the putt that you just missed on the last hole. Above all, you think about the drama of being on stage, of being a vital figure in a big-time production like a U.S. Open or a Masters Tournament. These are not the thoughts you should be wrestling with when you are trying to hit a little white ball into a little black hole.

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How easy it might have been for me

continued

How to improve two old favorites

A simple change in ingredients makes an amazing difference in taste



"He says he'll trade us back our island if we give him the recipe..."

Comfort® Manhattan

Switch to Southern Comfort and dry vermouth, for the smoothest Manhattan ever.



1 jigger (1½ oz.)

Southern Comfort

½ oz. French (dry) vermouth

Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)

Stir with cracked ice until thoroughly chilled and strain into glass. Serve with a cherry.

As served at Sardi's Restaurant and Sardi's East, New York



"I told her I like old-fashioned girls, so she ordered five in a row."

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Splash dry soda

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Southern Comfort

Stir bitters, sugar, and soda in glass; add ice cubes and S.C. Top with a twist of lemon peel, orange slice, and cherry.

As served at the Gaiety Club, Paris, Chicago, New York, and Washington

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION

Is your drink recipe guide missing? No need to miss the fun of mixing!



Bound into this space should be your new "Barmate"... the handy helpline of home bartenders. You should find a colorful 12-page guide that makes expert drink-mixing easy and fun. If some other collector of prize recipes has already torn out your copy, just mail the coupon below. We'll send you another just like it... FREE.

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Please send me my FREE copy of the "Barmate"—Home Bartenders' Guide to Expert Drink Mixing.

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HOW TO HAVE FUN MIXING FAMOUS DRINKS AT HOME

Remove the new recipe guide above...
then read these simple hints on how to use it

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"DACRON"® ADDS NEW LUXURY TO CASUAL SLACKS

Mr. Hicks precision-tailors handsome slacks of 65% "Dacron"® Polyester, 35% cotton. "DACRON" gives these slacks new luxury in looks, in comfort and casual versatility. They're carefree, too, because, thanks to "DACRON," they're automatic wash 'n' wear. For all their quality, Mr. Hicks poplin slacks of "DACRON" and cotton carry a far-from-luxurious price tag. At better stores everywhere.

®"DACRON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK



to tie Boros, too. I did not care to think about it. Tony was learning himself some things about the tour all right. I changed my shoes, threw my gear into my bag and rushed out to meet my wife Betty by our car. As I came out of the locker room a drunk dressed in worn Boston tweeds and a striped tie tottered over.

"Hey, Champagne Tony," he shouted. "What happened to Champagne Tony?" The Open had happened to him. That's what.

Given the fantastic conditions that prevailed—remember, for example, the wind!—it is hardly surprising that Julius Boros trudged through the three days of horror and came out the winner. Under the very toughest of conditions Jay is at his best. He would not get flustered if you punched him in the belly as he reached the top of his backswing. While Palmer seems to thrive on pressure, while the rest of us are usually rattled by it, pressure is something Boros ignores. How he does it I would like to know.

The Cleveland Open the following week, which I lost in a playoff to Palmer, about ended the competitive season as far as I was concerned. As you may remember, my arrangement with my sponsor was hardly one to benefit Lema. In 1962 I had won a couple of tournaments and made a total of \$48,000 in official and unofficial money. Unfortunately, my expenses had been prodigious. Like to see the Lema financial picture at the end of 1962? Here it is:

Debt carried forward from 1961	\$11,000
Expenses during 1962 (all advanced by sponsor and repaid)	\$28,000
One third of the difference between contracted \$16,000 and the total earnings, to be paid to sponsor	\$10,000
Total outgo	\$49,000
Total income	\$48,000
Left for Tony Lema	—\$1,000

The slate had been wiped clean. My sponsor, the wealthy, generous sportsman, had gotten his kicks, gotten all his money back and had even made a profit. But he now insisted on exercising an option and flatly refused to end my contract. I hired my own attorneys. While I played golf the lawyers wrangled. About six weeks after the 1963 Open my sponsor finally agreed to sell the contract to me. I am embarrassed to say what I had to

continued



every man looks better, plays better in



IN PRO SHOPS ONLY
(Etonic golf apparel for men and women, too)

CHARLES A. EATON COMPANY BROCKTON, MASSACHUSETTS
Fine Bootmakers Since 1876



Chevelle Malibu Super Sport Convertible—newest way to visit GM's Fulcrum at the New York World's Fair

STYLING THAT MOVES YOU EVEN WHEN IT'S STANDING STILL

If you ever can catch a Chevelle that's not on the go, look over its exciting lines and sumptuous interior. It's the Chevelle Look—all new, already classic!

Note, for example, the graceful fender sweep, front to rear. Lamps blending gently into an unbroken total design above the massive rear wraparound bumper. The tastefully restrained use of trim, front, side and rear.

See how functional each crisp detail can be, too! Curved side glass is stylish, yet adds to the generous interior room. 115-inch wheelbase is jaunty, also makes

handling and parking virtually effortless. Rich fabrics and vinyls add interior beauty—and comfort. In coupes and sedans, the squared-off rear window is extremely smart and allows maximum vision.

Eleven beautiful Chevelles, including convertibles, sport coupes, sedans and wagons, offer true Chevrolet value at moderate cost. See them at your Chevrolet dealer's. Test-drive one or two of them while you're there, too.

They'll move you with their styling—and just about any measure of six or V8 power you like. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

Chevrolet • Chevelle • Chevy II • Corvair • Corvair



THE GREAT HIGHWAY PERFORMERS

CHEVELLE! BY CHEVROLET

pay him, but it came to a good deal more than \$50,000. After earning \$110,000 in 18 months, I was in hock up to my ears again. In five and a half years on the tour, Tony Lema, the golfer, had nothing to show for it, while his sponsor had turned a profit of more than \$60,000. It was an education for me, but the Harvard Business School would have been cheaper.

Yet in the last analysis the opportunity to earn big money is not the vital factor that brings young men and old out onto the pro tour. Most of us simply love the game, and the tour offers a way to play it every day and still make a living. What is more, playing the tour presents two very compelling challenges that so many of us find impossible to resist, challenges that have nothing to do with money. First of all, for pro and amateur alike, there is the challenge of the game itself. Golf requires a technique that none of us ever quite masters but which we all think we could with just a little more playing and a little more practice. In our effort to reach this unreachable perfection we become very much like hounds at the dog track. We are chasing a rabbit that we are never going to catch, but we are getting a terrific bang out of trying.

The second powerful attraction of the tour is the clean and uncomplicated nature of the competitive challenge it presents. I guess a few no-talent actresses have gotten good parts because the producer enjoyed their charms. I guess a few good baseball players never got a real chance because their manager did not like them. I guess a few quarterbacks were made to look bad because their teammates would not block for them. I guess a few junior executives became senior executives because they were good at office politics. But none of this works on the pro tour. Once you have put your ball down on the first tee no one can hold you back but yourself. You know that you will progress just as far as your physical equipment and your dedication will take you. Everything is right out in the open. In the long run, the best player—and when I say the best I mean in every department: skill, nerve and temperament—is going to shoot the best scores, win the most tournaments, make the most money. That is the way all of life should be, and yet seldom is. But that is the way of life on the professional golf tour.

END



Sam Snead, winner of more than 100 major tournaments, plays the Wilson Staff ball.

DISTANCE is the winning secret of the Wilson Staff ball. Since it was introduced in 1954, this famous long ball has won more U.S. Open and Masters championships than any other ball. Discover Sam Snead's winning secret when you play the new Wilson Staff ball. Available only through golf professional shops. Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago. (A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.)

PLAY TO WIN WITH

Wilson
Staff Ball



Distance secret: Wilson Staff ball "leaps" off the tee 40% faster than the speed of the club head. Photo made with red macro-flash at one-millionth (1/1,000,000) sec. by Edgerton, Germeshausen & Grier, Inc.



For a boxing fan with sharp eyes, dirty shoes and 20¢, the best place in the world to get a shine is the Tropical Shoe Shine Parlor on Fifth Street near Washington Avenue in Miami Beach, at noon. For his 20¢ he will probably get, besides a shine, a close look at two or three world champions, an ex-world champion and a large assortment of boxers of somewhat lesser ability on their way to work.

If he wants to see them sharpening the tools of their trade and he has a dollar, he can follow the champions up a flight of weathered, creaky wooden stairs to the Fifth Street Gym, a large, bare and faintly dilapidated room furnished

with a boxing ring, two standards for light bags, two heavy bags, a mirror, a couple of rubbing tables, an old icebox now serving as a storage cabinet for tapes, bandages and other appurtenances of the boxing trade, and Mrs. Hattie Ambusch, who is in charge of all this and who collects the dollar at the door.

Mrs. Ambusch is an elderly lady of indeterminate age who has run the gym for nine years for Chris Dundee, the boxing promoter who owns it. Her husband managed the place until Hattie came up one day and watched him for a while.

"You're not running it right," she

said. "Everyone's getting the most of you." She took over and, after her husband's death, she stayed on, although occasionally she longs for her native Brooklyn.

"All of my relatives are there," she says. "I go back once in a while, but I can't leave here for long, and when I do I can't wait to get back. It gives me an interest in life. I know the fighters. I can tell a good one by the way he talks to me. Boys come up here and say they want to fight and I say how good are you and they all say good, but I don't let them fight unless I know they are good, because they can get hurt."

The big, drab room, about as appetizing as a dish of roach powder, is almost all there is to the Fifth Street Gym in Miami Beach. From it, however, flows a ceaseless stream of champions, not the least of them Cessius Clay and Willie Pastrano

THE DINGY, SPRIGHTLY HOME OF THE GOOD ONES

by **TEX MAULE**

LYNN PELHAM

A LONE BOXER STUDIES HIS FORM BEFORE THE MIRROR IN THE FIFTH



"I demand the highest respect from them. I say to them this is a perfect gym and you have to be perfectly clean and give me the highest respect or you can't work here, and they all do, irrespective of race, religion or creed. I don't have no favorites, but Willie Pastrano is a terrific man. I make them all terrific by the way I train them."

Of course, Mrs. Ambusch does not actually train anyone, even Pastrano. That is done by the professionals who brought along Cassius Clay at the Fifth Street Gym, not to mention Pastrano, Sugar Ramos, the featherweight champion, and Luis Manuel Rodriguez, the

ex-welterweight champion who will fight Emile Griffith for the title June 12 in Las Vegas. But Hattie Ambusch does everything else. The other afternoon she helped Fay Pastrano, Willie's wife, ride herd on the five small Pastranos while Willie worked out in preparation for the bout he has scheduled with Greg Penalta in New Orleans on April 10, when Pastrano defends his light heavyweight title.

Pastrano practiced under the testy eye of Lou Gross, a trainer who has been in the business for 40 years. He worked hard, although he objects strenuously to hard work. After it was over and he had retired to the dark, ramshackle con-

lines of the dressing rooms, which are as much a part of the atmosphere of the Fifth Street Gym as the sagging wooden floor, the gray, unwashed windows and the old fight posters Scotch-taped to the wall, he sat in a small cubicle he shares with Heavyweight Mike De John and mopped his streaming face.

"I thought the slaves went out with Lincoln," he said bitterly to Gross. "I been working like one."

Gross is a small man with a growing belly and a ravenous appetite for exercise—if it is Pastrano's exercise.

"You gonna say, 'Thank you, Lou,'" he told Pastrano. "Your trouble, you

continued

STREET GYM. POSTERS, EXCEPT FOR ONE ADVERTISING CASSIUS CLAY-MOUNTAIN RIVERA, WHICH WAS A MOVIE PROP, PLUG OLD FIGHTS



don't like work. You hate it like fire. I got to eye you all the time. I look away, you dog. You watch."

"I'm watching," Pastrano said in a soft, New Orleans voice. "Man, all I got to do is relax and I hear you. Me, I want to invent a roadwork pill. You get up in the morning, you take the pill, have breakfast, take a deep breath 'n' look around and you done five miles on the road. I make a million dollars."

Tony Alonti, a big heavyweight who once ranked 11th in the division, was dressing in the cubicle next to Pastrano and he laughed.

"You remember Gorilla?" he said. "Manager had maybe eight, 10 Puerto Rican fighters couldn't any of them talk English? That's what he done. He got these pills, little green pills the way I remember, he used to sell them to his boys every morning. 'Take them pills' he'd say. 'Just as good as six miles on the road!' And the boys take the pills and then they get in the ring and come the third round, they all run out of gas and get their heads knocked off. Pills must of cost him maybe a nickel."

Marcelino Armenteros, a Cuban who is in his early 30s and who was once a fine middleweight, laughed quietly. He spars with Pastrano, working three rounds with all the wisdom and the moves he has learned in 15 years in the ring, accepting his role as a sparring partner with endless good humor.

"Don't nobody like road," he said. "De champ here, he don't like. But ees theeng you got to do. I ron weeth Weelee, I say, 'Come on. You de light heavy-weight champion an' you ain't ronnin'. Me, I am just a bum. You can't run so fast as me!'"

"Oh, man, that Lino, he runs," Willie said. "Look at his legs. Run all day. He puts me down running. Sometimes he puts me down in the ring."

Lino laughed again, his eyes almost disappearing under the thick curtain of scar tissue that weights his eyebrows.

"Ees not so," he said. "You see heem slap me aroun' in there? Whop, whop, whop! Get me in de corner. Lou here, he holler, 'Go after heem!' Lou, you are a bad man!"

"Lino shows the pace," Gross said seriously. "Willie takes it easy with him, so I got to keep on him all the time to go after him. That's the way he's gonna

have to be with Peralta. Crowd him, move in on him, don't let up. I got Willie fighting flat-footed some now, in close, so when he hits it's going to break Peralta up. You can't make it against him with them light jabs. When he hits, he's got to break him up. So I got to holler, 'Go after him.'"

"Whop, whop, whop," said Lino, still smiling. "Don't never let up heem, get me in de corner, whop, whop, whop. One time he slap me aroun' all de afternoon, we go for coffee, he slap me aroun' some more. 'Why you do dat?' I ask heem, and he say, 'Ees for coffee break, so you nu forget, Lino.'"

Armenteros laughed. Willie laughed with him. Pastrano is a stockily built man with a wide, unmarked face. He looks like a puncher, but he is, instead, probably the most finished boxer in the world today. He was taking off the black tights and black T shirt he works in; he looks bulky in the ring, but free of his clothes he seems compact and hard. He weighed 186 after this workout, but he knew he must get down to 175 for the Peralta bout.

"I'll make it," he said after weighing. "It won't be like breaking sticks, but I'll get down there. Maybe dry out first."

Stripped, he walked down the narrow aisle between old green metal lockers to a shower at the end of the dressing room. The shower is as Spartan as the rest of the dressing room, a shower head at the end of a gray iron pipe over a square of cement. On the way, Willie turned sideways to let a pale, intense young man slide by him. He soaped himself thoroughly, looking after the youngster.

"That's a mean one," he said. "Stormy Winters. Me, I boxed with him the other day. Got no respect for the champ. He gets in there with me, he wants to kill me. His like hell. Quick. Quick with both hands. You watch him."

He finished showering and walked back to his cubicle and dressed quickly in black, close-fitting trousers and a black, hip-length shirt that buttoned down the front. In his clothes he looked like a middleweight.

"See you tomorrow," he said to the dressing room at large, and walked out to Fay and the five small Pastranos. Winters looked up and nodded, his blue eyes cold. He looked like a larger but just-as-mean edition of Lew Jenkins, the old lightweight champion.

Pastrano was back the next day at

noon, without his family. So were Winters and Alonti and Rodriguez and Armenteros. They may all hate the hard work of training, but they do it, intensely, and their activity makes the Fifth Street Gym the best—and the most exciting—place of its kind in the country today. In his black tights and black sweat shirt, Pastrano loosened up. On the wall, between the posters and yellowed clippings of fights long finished, is a spar timer—a small clock that divides the two hours of activity into periods of three minutes of bedlam and one minute of rest. For three minutes Pastrano danced and feinted and looked at himself in the mirror. Winters punched the heavy bag viciously, and Rodriguez boxed the heavy bag. Luis Manuel looks like an Aztec stone carving—all forehead and nose. Around the edges of the nose peer two merry black eyes. His mouth seems almost an afterthought.

The spar timer bonged once, and all the fighters quit. Outside, the sun washed Miami Beach in a white heat; in the gym the heat was intensified and sweat sprinkled the floor near all the fighters except Winters, who sweats very little.

His three minutes on the heavy bag had left Winters fresh. His manager is Lenny McMillen, a Miami Beach criminal lawyer who spends his lunch hour working with boxers because he loves boxing.

"Come here," he said to Stormy. "Tell him why you like to fight." The youngster looked at a visitor with his cold eyes.

"You evah po'ed hot tar on a summer day in Macon, Gawgia?" he asked. "You po'in' on a slanty roof, ain't possible to po' but about five hours because the tar gets so' an' you slide off the roof. On a flat roof you kin po' fo' eight hours. Ain't nothing worse than that. That's why I'm a fighter."

The spar timer rang, and he went back to the heavy bag and Pastrano began to skip rope. Luis Manuel had climbed into the ring and was sparring with a lightweight named José Veliz. He fought in an unorthodox style, because Veliz' next fight would be with an unorthodox fighter. Rodriguez, whose next fight will be for the welterweight championship, does not mind changing his style. He has been fighting since he was a 12-year-old in Camaguey, Cuba, where he cut came, and he can fight any way you want him to.

Gross, Pastrano's trainer, watched

continued

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him carefully. Pastrano's square, strong body seemed light as he skipped the rope; it seems light in the ring, too, where he moves with bewildering speed. Gross turned to say something, then glanced back quickly at Pastrano, who had stopped skipping rope to wipe his forehead, stringing a skein of beads of sweat from his fingers to the floor.

"That's 10 seconds you owe me," Gross said. "All the time you wanta slow down. You got to go on."

Pastrano went back to skipping rope, his flat, wide face impassive.

The next time the bell rang, Willie handed the rope to Gross and put on a head guard, gloves and a protector.

"Four rounds," Gross told him. Armenteros dressed for the ring, and the two of them climbed through the ropes and waited for the bell.

Armenteros leaned down from the ring and grinned at Gross, his mouthpiece stretching his lips.

"You bol' heem, Lou," he said. "Thes time I knock heem out."

The bell rang, and Winters and Rodriguez went back to work outside the ring, but worked so that they could watch Pastrano and Armenteros spar. The two came together quickly in the middle of the ring, and Pastrano, punching very quickly, hit Lino with a flurry of punches, none of them very hard. Lino blinked and moved in and said something to Pastrano, and Willie stopped and looked at his glove.

When he did, Armenteros stepped on his toe and hit him hard twice, left and right, and knocked Willie back into the ropes and followed him, only to catch a quick, hard series of punches to the head and belly that brought him to a halt. He grabbed Pastrano and held on and laughed, and Rodriguez, punching the light bag, laughed so hard he had to quit. Winters did not laugh; he hit the heavy bag and frowned thoughtfully.

The bell rang, and all the activity ended, except for Luis Manuel. He left the light bag, still laughing and, in Spanish, said to Florentino Fernandez, a hook-nosed, hard-punching Cuban middleweight, "Did you see that? It was like this?"

He stepped on his own toe, looked at his glove, hit himself between the eyes and staggered back, spraddle-legged, his mouth open, his eyes wide around the majestic nose.

"It was a good trick," he said, and

laughed again, then repeated the whole pantomime, still laughing. Fernandez laughed, too, and from pure animal spirits feinted a hook at Gross that would have taken the trainer's head off if it had been an inch longer. Gross made a circle with his finger at his temple, pointing at Fernandez.

"He's a nut," he said. "He's always throwing punches like that. Miss you a half inch. You cough and lean forward just as he does it, and bang—there goes your head."

Pastrano finished the next three rounds with Armenteros without incident, boxing beautifully and quickly. After he had showered, he said, "How about lunch?"

He walked across Fifth Street from the gym, to Al's Restaurant, where you can have a fried-shrimp lunch with a soft drink and vegetables for 95¢.

"Fruit salad with a scoop of sherbet and a glass of seltzer," he said to the waitress.

"No sherbet and no seltzer," Gross told her.

"Ees bad, thees apple in the fruit," Armenteros told Pastrano. "Ees not good for fighter. You fight for de title. You got to take care. Eef you lose, thees friend you got, they don't know you no more. Me, I am a true fren'. I know you. Don't eat de apple."

"Listen to him," Pastrano said. "Steps on my toe, tells me my lace is untied and punches me when I look at it and now he's telling me, don't eat the apple. He could have cut me."

"I used to dream about getting out," he said. "I'd see this guy coming at me with a knife, then I'd feel it going in my stomach and I'd catch my breath." He caught his breath, demonstrating. "I went to a psychiatrist. I think nine out of 10 people ought to go to psychiatrists. He told me I'm leary of someone trying to do me harm. I didn't know anyone at the time who was my enemy, but I had the feeling that someone was trying to harm me. I went to him \$750 worth and he made me look into myself and find out things. I wasn't fighting good. I was confused. I used to talk to him and ask him things and he wouldn't give me an answer, just ask me another question."

"He bugs himself too much," Gross broke in. "Always bugs himself, always thinking. It ain't good for him."

"It was," Pastrano said seriously. "It

continued

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FIFTH STREET GYM *continued*

helped. I don't have those dreams anymore. I'm still afraid of water and of height, but I don't dream about knives like that. And I fight better. I concentrate better."

He ate some of his fruit salad, spooning the apple aside, his wide, handsome face thoughtful.

"Things bug me," he said. "I trained in the same gym with Benny Paret before he got killed, you know? And the next fight I had, after he got killed, you know, it plagued my mind. I touched this man's hand at the beginning of the fight and I had a bad feeling. Every time I got hit, if my head ached a little, I thought, no, no, I'm too young to die. But I won, and it doesn't bother me anymore. But I don't like to get cut."

"Ees bad theeng, thees cut," said Lino, from the network of scar tissue that maps his face. "But you don't cut, amigo."

"No," Willie said. "Only three times, and I've been fighting for 16 years. Some fighters, they open their faces and chisel the bones flat so they won't cut and sew them up and they still cut. But not me. And I been fighting since I was 12."

He shuddered slightly at the thought of having his face opened and the bone chiseled, and then, obviously, changed his train of thought.

"You wouldn't have known me when I was 12," he said, smiling, the brown eyes bright. "Five feet tall and I weigh 185. The other boys in the parish down in New Orleans they all see me and holler, 'Fat Willie, ha, ha, ha!' And they holler, 'Willie the potato!' And they come up to me when I am with the girls—one little girl I love very much—and they hit me on the arm and run away and I can't catch them."

He puffed out his cheeks and looked fat and spread his arms and seemed to waddle sitting at the table.

"So I decided one day I'm going to lose weight. The first morning I ran one block and my mouth was open and I like to died and I had to fall down and rest. It took me a year to get down from 185 to 136 and I started boxing during that time and then I decided, what the hell, maybe I have one fight or two, get me a little silver trophy to put in my room. But it gets in your blood, like show business, and the first thing you know you can't stop. Me, I tried to stop. When I was going to the psychiatrist. For eight months I didn't fight. And I

found out it's too hard on the outside. I can't do anything else."

"See what I mean," Gross said. "All the time he's thinking. It ain't good for a fighter. How can it help him?"

"It made me a better fighter," Pastano said. "I tell you though, man, when I first start to go to this man, it's costing me 25 bucks an hour, I thought I wasn't getting my money's worth. There was days I hated him so bad, I wanted to hit him. Then, after a while, I liked him so much I could have kissed him. But he helped, man. He helped."



HONING HIS FLASHY SKILLS, WILLIE

"Helped." Gross said flatly. "A good second, he helps. A good cut man can close up a cut so it don't bleed anymore. He helps."

Armenteros laughed.

"You hear heem?" he said. "De man in de corner—dat what dey all say. He don't fight, but he de man, dey all say. How about dat, Wee'llie?"

Pastano and Armenteros laughed and Gross devoted himself to his grilled cheese sandwich, angrily.

"How about the big one," he said, finally. "How about that?"

Armenteros' face turned serious and he nodded.

"He ees right," he said. "You know about dat? When Cassius, he get some-theen in hees eye? He could of lost right then eef he don't have Luis Sarria in hees corner. He say, 'I no can see,' an' Angelo, he wait a beet, but Luis say, 'No, Angelo. Ees for the beeg one.' Angelo, he poosh

Clay out and he ween it. So es good to have old man like Luis there weeth you, know everytheng, been there before."

"See what I mean?" said Gross.

"He get hurt very bad, dat round," Lino said. "Not de second gettin' hit in de belly dat way. Eet was Clay an' eet hurt heem. Next morning he call Luis, 'Come over give me massage, because my belly hurt.' Luis go over, Clay's belly is swell up like pregnant woman from where Lison heet heem there een dat roun', but Luis he make eet all right."

Pastrano had finished his fruit salad



PASTRANO SPARS IN FIFTH STREET GYM

and they all left. They would be back the next day.

Late in the afternoon the gym came to life again, but no champions or putative champions worked out. A small man in shorts, rubber sandals, dark glasses and a deep tan worked with some young fighters, patiently trying to teach them to jab without crossing their legs and losing power and balance. His name is Max Goodman, and during most of the day he is a beachboy at the 14th Street beach, renting lounge chairs to sunbathers. At night and, occasionally, when he can get away, at noon, he dreams of being the manager of a Pastrano or a Clay.

"There ain't many can take them up right from the start," he said. "I mean, it's an art. You take these boys. This one here, his name is Grady Ponder, he's just turned 16. I had to make him quit, because I didn't know he was 15. Had two fights, knocked them both out. Give

him three years, he's a go fighter. You know what I mean? Who brought him to me? Cassius Clay's dad. That's who. He talks as big as Cassius, too. He's a lightweight now, but he's growing. Maybe to a heavyweight. 'I'm going to win it all,' he says to me. 'And you're going to be my manager.' How about that?"

Ponder, a tall, slender young man, punched at the heavy bag doggedly if not expertly, and Goodman wandered away to show him how to hit with power.

From her vantage point by the green-olecloth-covered desk, Hattie Ambusch watched.

"He is a nice boy," she said. "He has the highest respect for me. And he is very clean. Like Pastrano."

Pastrano worked briefly the next day, but he would save the last of his training for New Orleans.

Winters came in to collect some gear from his locker. He was fighting an eight-round main event that night at a Miami Beach club, and his face was drawn and tight. McMillen, his manager, was with him.

"This will be No. 15," he said. "Never lost one, but he's got a tough boy to-night. Hard to fight. All closed up, like this."

He put both hands in front of his face and crouched, much like Floyd Patterson in his peckaboo style.

"Hard to hit," he said. "But if he hits him, he takes him."

"He's a good boy," Pastrano said. "He's mean. He hates."

"He'll win tonight," McMillen said as they walked out the door past Hattie and down the beaten steps. They stopped in front of the Tropical Shoe Shine Parlor. "He gets up strong. You see him working on combinations on the bag the other day? He's always thinking. And he can hit. Willie told you that. But the big thing is, he gets up strong. One fight, he comes out in a hurry, gets hit with a big right hand and down he goes. I know he's hurt and I want him to get up and look for cover, but he gets up and, whop, he knocks the other guy out like a light. You don't find many like that. He learns. He thinks."

The fights were out in the gym, and Hattie came down the stairs. All the boxers had gone. Pastrano took a last look around before leaving for New Orleans.

"I like it here," he said. "It's cool, you know what I mean? All these people, I like them."

END

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"I want to be alone," mourned **Greta Garbo** as she stepped up to the payoff window at New York's Roosevelt Raceway. Or if she didn't she should have. Peering out at the assembled horsethief from under a characteristically floppy broad-brimmed hat, the Solitary Swede picked winners in six out of nine races, but so, alas, did a lot of other people, and all her winnings totaled was a measly \$26.

Pausing at the end of a deft figure eight in Cleveland, **Dr. Benjamin Spock** (below) bubbled, "I used to fall down quite a bit, but now I can keep my feet." The 6-foot 4-inch onetime (1924) Olympic crewman who gave up rowing to become the nation's top babysitter has now turned to skating to regain his old athletic shape. "It's excellent exercise," he said and, remembering his field, quickly added, "and a sport you can do with your children."

Back in Russia after his American visit, world-record-holding high jumper **Valeri Brumel** could not resist tattling on his old rival in a Moscow newspaper. "John Thomas, having graduated from Boston University, is not working at his profession—physical training instructor—but is working as a salesman of medical equipment. In the U.S.A. it pays better," reported Soviet P.E. instructor Brumel, who seemed to be doing a little ink-stained moonlighting of his own.

As movers carried a 9-foot 6-inch sailfish, a 44-inch northern pike, a pheasant and the head of a whitetail deer into the den of his new home, Press Secretary **George Reedy**, the portly successor to portly Pierre Salinger, boasted happily: "You might say I was brought up fishing, and I've loved every minute of it. From time to time I bowl and play golf with my children, but

fishing is my No. 1 sport and hunting is second."

With the snow melting on the Alps, Olympic Downhill Champion **Egon Zimmermann** slipped into the kitchen, put on his apron and beat his way right into another gold medal—this time for the best *Apfelstrudel* in Austria.

With papa's billions making life for him an odds-on bet, **Gordon Getty** could not quite decide whether to invest in a gambling license for the luxury motel he is planning to build in Reno. "I'm really not a gambler myself," explained the 30-year-old son of **J. Paul Getty**, whose first baby furniture was a jackpot.

Gave the average American businessman a day off and he whips out to the local golf course. But give **Golf Pro Billy Casper** a day off and he picks up his fishing rod and heads for deep water. Billy would rather put down a sinker than sink a putt, any day. And 53-year-old **Jimmy Demaret** would rather fiddle with the automatic direction-finder on his brand-new four-place Beechcraft Debonair than hit a 300-yard drive. "A direction-finder," says Demaret, "is what every golfer needs."

Against the day when he may meet up with some of his old associates, Cosa Nostra's top canary **Joe Valachi**, according to latest reports, is conducting a one-man fitness program in jail. Each morning he throws his feet over his head and pedals an imaginary bicycle for 10 minutes. Then he dangles his 160 pounds from an overhanging pipe and chins himself. Finally he reaches un-

der his cot and pulls out a portable muscle-builder for several chest pulls. How does he cool off? By reading the racing results and looking for his name in the gossip columns, of course.

Life as a movie star was proving aquatically rougher than winning Olympic medals for former Aussie swim star **Murray Rose**. Filming *Ride the Wild Surf* on location amid the breakers off Hawaii's Sunset Beach, the much bermed-aled merman hopped on a foam board, caught a big wave and was promptly battered into the sea. Bobbing around and under like a wayward cork, the Aussie finally surfaced only to have his handsome profile crunched and several teeth knocked into the Pacific by his new competitor—the surfboard.

Leaving the horses back in the stable for a change, **Jaqueline Kennedy**, **Caroline** and **John-John** headed north to Stowe, Vt. for an Easter weekend of skiing with the brothers Kennedy. While experts Bob and Ted schussed the rugged Nose Dive, beginner Jackie and her small fry made their debuts leaving sitzmarks on the bunny slopes.

"He must have flown it in. You can't drive in there," said a California state policeman peering down at what was left of **Singer Vic Damone's** sleek silver-gray Ferrari. Unwilling pilot Damone had barely warmed up his brand-new, \$15,000 sports car when he took off from the highway, landed 50 feet below in a canyon with lots of pine trees but no landing strip. The 35-year-old crooner is fine, but the 5-hour-old Ferrari is finished.





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Spahn and who? is the Braves' battle cry

To back up the great left-hander, Milwaukee is committed to pitchers with unfamiliar names and unproved talent, a gamble inspired by the team's failure to finish in the first division for the first time in 11 years

You remember the line about the Braves' pennant-winning pitching staff of 16 years ago, when the team was still in Boston: "Spahn and Sain and two days of rain." Now it's the Milwaukee Braves, and they still have Spahn, but even Ogden Nash would run into a little trouble putting the names of the rest of today's staff to rhyme.

come with high praise and the Braves cleaned house—except for Spahn, of course—to make room for them.

Milwaukee is justly proud of its pitching tradition. For the past decade the Braves' ERA has been much the best in the league. In all that time, however, the pitching has been mostly Spahn and Lou Burdette and Bob Buhl. There was never

inger, 22, into a starting role. It also brought Bob Sadowski, 25, from the St. Louis farms and it brought Fischer, 23, back from the Milwaukee farms. Over the winter the Braves completely committed their hopes to these four—and Spahn—by trading Shaw and Starter Bob Hendley for hitters. It is a big gamble, the biggest made by a contender.

A CAROLINA FARM BOY, A FISHERMAN FROM CALIFORNIA, A COLLEGE KID FROM JERSEY AND THE SON



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There are Lemaster, Cloninger, Sadowski, Tiefenauer, Nickro, Piche, Funk and Schnieder. There is a Smith, too, but there were two Smiths till one got out. So did Hummetsch, Maxie and Nixon. Nixon wore 64, and that sounds like a good omen for the former Vice-President except that Pitcher Nixon comes from Defeated, Tenn. There is also a Fischer, which helps semantically, but hardly otherwise since there are four Fis(c)hers in the majors, all of them pitchers—Bill, Eddie, Fat Jack and Hank. This one is Hank. "It's getting worse," he says. "Now I hear one of the other Fis(c)hers has a younger brother about ready for the majors."

But if Hank Fischer and the other Braves' pitchers sound new and strange, it is time to learn their names. They

much chance for promising youngsters like Joey Jay and Juan Pizarro to develop completely—and it was very embarrassing to the Braves when Jay and Pizarro were traded away to become stars in their own right. To a lesser degree this happened last year with Don Notiebart and Carlton Willey. But at Milwaukee, Spahn, of course, kept on going. So did Burdette, and Buhl was simply replaced by another veteran, Bob Shaw.

The Braves did not really break with the past until last May when they fell far into the second division. At first it was just a hint—Manager Bobby Bragan sent Shaw to the bullpen and brought 24-year-old Denny Lemaster into the starting rotation. After that came the deluge. Burdette was traded to St. Louis on June 15. This brought Tony Clon-

Only Fischer won more games than he lost last year, and he won only four. They all need better changeups and control, but they all have their special boosters. For instance, General Manager John McHale believes that Fischer, the least known and experienced, has the best stuff of them all.

The backgrounds of these four young men would endear them to the Hollywood directors who organize the all-American infantry patrols for war movies in which the lieutenant is fresh out of West Point. Lemaster, for instance, comes from a Los Angeles suburb, which is important because 99.44% of the country is now suburban Los Angeles. Cloninger is a North Carolina farm boy, Sadowski a Pole from the Pittsburgh steel mills and Fischer a college kid from

New Jersey. Central casting could not touch that kind of cross section.

So far, Lemaster is the best-known. For one thing, he is the only player in the majors who can be compared favorably to both Spahn and Ted Williams—he hits as well as Spahn and fishes as well as Williams. He also set a club strikeout record last year, and had the Braves not managed to get shut out seven times when he pitched, his record would have been vastly different from the 11-14 that it was. It also would have been vastly different had he not given up 30 home runs—every one off a fast ball. Lemaster is confident but not cocky. In a game at Los Angeles last August he had a 2-1 lead in the seventh, but he let the first two runners on and then ran

men name, the g is hard—laughs at it now, but it was no joke last year. He finished strong in '62, but Burdette was so sharp last spring that Tony went back to the bullpen. It was June 15 before he finally won a game, although he finished 9-11. "This pitching is confidence altogether," Tony Cloninger says, and he knows it because there was a time when he had lost a lot of it. He was 0-9 at Cedar Rapids as recently as 1959.

Sadowski, the youngest of 12 children, grew up in Lawrenceville, a tough section of Pittsburgh. Both his parents were immigrants—"Ten 100% Polish"—and his father worked in a steel mill until his death, when Bob was 12. There was no big bonus for Sadowski—the Cards got him for \$3,500. Two other Sadowski

ie, Sadowski was only 5-7 with the Braves last year—he lost too many close games—but his ERA was 2.62.

Fischer, a banker in the off season, is a graduate of Seton Hall, where he was also freshman basketball high scorer before the Braves changed his amateur standing by something like \$50,000. "Funny," he says, "I hated to give up basketball, but if I had stayed on I would have been on that team with the fisers."

No matter where he has pitched, Fischer has averaged about a strikeout per inning, and his only problem seems to be control—of the ball and of himself. The Braves also think he needs to be a little more positive in his attitude. Bragan says he used to come in to pitch looking "like he was on a funeral march." He

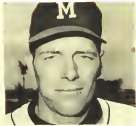
OF A PENNSYLVANIA STEELWORKER—AN ALL-AMERICAN TEAM



BOB SADOWSKI



DON PICHE



BOBBY TIEFENAUER

up a 3-0 count on Maury Wills. Bragan came out and called for Shaw. He told Lemaster he could go to the showers, but Lemaster allowed as how he would rather wait for Shaw. He did, and handed the ball to the veteran relief star. "Here it is," he said grimly. "Now you save it for me." Shaw did.

Cloninger is from Iron Station, N.C., which has "a post office, a furniture store and a couple of grocery stores." With some of his \$100,000 bonus—Lemaster got \$75,000—Cloninger bought a 50-acre farm adjoining his father's. He raises corn and has just started breeding quarterhorses. Besides the money, Cloninger chose the Braves over 15 other teams because "the talk then was that Spahn and Burdette would be through and they'd need pitching." Cloninger—it is a Ger-

man name, the g is hard—laughs at it now, but it was no joke last year. He finished strong in '62, but Burdette was so sharp last spring that Tony went back to the bullpen. It was June 15 before he finally won a game, although he finished 9-11. "This pitching is confidence altogether," Tony Cloninger says, and he knows it because there was a time when he had lost a lot of it. He was 0-9 at Cedar Rapids as recently as 1959.

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Bob Sadowski's break came through an odd sequence of events. The Cards cut him last spring, despite the protests of the regulars. Before Sadowski left for Atlanta, Coach Clyde King told him to develop a slider. Sadowski was upset; he wanted no part of it. "I felt that I couldn't throw it," he says now in his soft voice, "but King made me promise, and I gave him my word." Switching back from overhand to a three-quarter motion, Sadowski found his slider within a month, and suddenly he was 9-2. The Cards could not recall him and knew they would lose him in the draft, so they let him go in the Burdette trade. A tremendously poised rock-

comes on spryer now, but only to humor the bosses. "Oh, I guess I am a little better about that now," he says, "but I can't see what difference it makes."

Sach is the Braves' pitching prospects. And what are the chances for success? "All of these boys have talent," Pitching Coach Whitlow Wyatt says. "But what makes a good pitcher? I'll tell you. It is only two or three times a game when you have to be a good pitcher—when you're in a jam and you have to be just right. Just two or three times a game, and that's what makes a good pitcher. And we're just going to have to find out if these boys are ready to be good those two or three times a game." Whit Wyatt knows what he is worrying about. He did not become a good pitcher until he was 31 years old.

END

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NATURE / Ross Macdonald

A death road for the condor

A popular writer of mystery stories, Ross Macdonald is also a birder who keeps a not-too-private eye on people. The birds he watches are condors, and the people are advocates of a road along California's Sierra Madre Ridge—a road to absolutely nowhere for the giant birds.

We ate lunch on top of Big Pine. It was a brilliantly clear day and from this elevation, 6,800 feet, we could look down over the Coast Range, across the Santa Barbara Channel, and see all of the Channel Islands. In the other direction, inland, the Mount Wilson group stood under December snow. Farther north loomed the white peaks of Yosemite.

We took quick bites of our sandwiches and scanned the nearer horizons with our binoculars. This was condor country. At the foot of Big Pine lies the San Rafael Primitive Area, one of our few remaining wildernesses, and at its northern edge is the Siyuc Condor Sanctuary. The Sierra Madre Ridge above the sanctuary is a major condor flyway, and has been since prehistoric times. But today there was not a condor in the sky.

The Forest Supervisor and his Assistant looked at us over their lunches with I-told-you-so expressions.

"There are practically no condors in the area anymore," said the Supervisor.

"Our observers see them all the time," I said.

The Supervisor's Assistant said firmly: "Our observers practically never see one."

The Supervisor and his Assistant didn't seem to want to see any condors, I thought. Their reluctance would have to do with the project they were pushing at the moment: the development of a through road along the Sierra Madre Ridge. They had brought us conservationists and bird watchers along on the present expedition in an effort to persuade us that the building of the Sierra Madre road and the consequent opening of the backcountry to cars and motor-

cycles would damage neither the wilderness nor the condors, if any.

The Supervisor rose athletically from his rock, a handsome man, extraordinarily tall, with clipped iron-gray hair and a quick, boyish smile. His Assistant was shorter and broader, but very alert-looking. They reminded me of a brigadier general and his aide, shortly after the general has decided to run for public office.

"If you men have finished eating," the Supervisor said, "we can be on our way."

"But don't let us rush you," said the Assistant Supervisor.

They were important people who liked to be liked. The Supervisor managed two million acres of national forest, in-



THE POOR CONDOR IS OUT ON A LIMB

cluding nearly half of Santa Barbara County. If he wanted to build a road along the edge of his wilderness and open it up to Los Angeles Sunday traffic, he was going to be hard to stop. And he definitely wanted to build it. He and his rangers were openly advocating the road, in chambers of commerce and service clubs and rifle clubs.

The Forest Service, once noted for its single-minded idealism, has developed in recent years an interest in the art of politics and the manipulation of public opinion. The Supervisor's Assistant had confided to me on the way up to Big Pine that knowledge of human beings was his most valuable asset as a career forester. Soon, if he handled people properly, he would have a forest of his own.

Now, as we drove down from Big Pine, we argued about the road.

"We need it for fire fighting," he said.

"You've got a primitive fire road along the ridge, which has always been adequate. You haven't had a fire there in nearly 40 years."

"Are you an expert on fire fighting?"

"No, but I can read, and I know what your own experts are saying. Fire fighting is taking more and more to the air, using borate bombers and, eventually, missiles. Ask your missile research division. Or ask Keith Arnold, your forest protection research director, what happens to the fire risk when you let increasing numbers of people into a forest area."

He admitted that the risk rose. "But we have no right to keep the people out. The road will be built with public money, and that makes it public property."

"The condors and the wilderness are public property, too. They belong to the whole country."

"But this road," he said with ostentatious fervor, "would make a beautiful scenic drive. We could have picnic grounds along it, too."

"You can't have a scenic drive and a wilderness area within five miles of each other. You'd be putting the Sequoia Sanctuary, the heart of the wilderness, within two hours' hiking time of an automobile road, half an hour by motorcycle. You'll ruin your wilderness and drive away your condors."

"The condors hardly use the Sequoia anymore."

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continued



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NATURE continued

to their alternate sites. The Falls of the Sisquoc is still their best watering place."

The Assistant Supervisor was not impressed. "So what? Who says the road will bother them?"

"All the experts say so. The condors are allergic to road building and automobiles and people in any great numbers."

"Five or six or seven miles away?"

"Yes. And remember they don't just sit on the Sisquoc. The Sierra Madre Ridge is their flyway. This whole buck-country is their range."

I waved my arm rather emotionally out the car window. We were on the Buckhorn Road, headed north toward the Sierra Madre Ridge. The canyons and ridges of the wilderness lay around us like a violent dark green sea quick-frozen. It had been frozen in time. Except for the road we were on, a fire road normally closed to automobiles, nothing had changed here in 2,000 years.

The condor had been flying here longer than that, I thought. He had been catching the updrafts along these ridges since the Pleistocene Age. He was ancient. He was great, the greatest flying land bird in North America. His wingspan often exceeded nine feet. He could fly up to 50 miles an hour, scarcely moving his wings, with or against the wind, all day if necessary. Aeronautical engineers studied his design. Naturalists came from all over the world to catch a glimpse of him.

He was harmless and useful. He cleared the rangeland of dead animals. With only about 50 of him left, there was no lack of food. But he was running out of space to nest and roost. His range, which had once extended from ocean to ocean and from the Columbia River south to Mexico, had shrunk now to this small part of California.

We were only a few miles from his last retreats on the Sisquoc and the Sespe. We still hadn't seen him. I was getting anxious.

The Buckhorn Road is primitive and seldom used, even by Forest Service automobiles. From time to time our party had to stop and push fallen boulders out of the way of our cars. They rumbled down into the canyon.

Following the dust smoke of one such boulder, I caught sight of a little black thing half a mile or more down the precipitous slope. The little thing seemed to be crawling up over the secondary ridges, like a black beetle with extended wings.

Then I saw that he was crawling above the ground, in midair, rising in air and growing steadily and incredibly larger.

I didn't speak. I didn't even raise my binoculars. Poised and outspread on the updraft, emblem and living totem of wilderness men and flyers, he rose up the slope toward me. Now I could see the clean white epaulets on his black shoulders and make out with my naked eye the deep orange color of his bald head. At his wingtips the great black primary feathers curved up individually in the wind. He balanced in the air a hundred yards away from where we stood, regarding us with his glistening black eye. Then he wheeled, the undersides of his wings glinting white in the sun, and slid away.

I think we all saw him, except the Supervisor and possibly the Supervisor's Assistant, who didn't say.

That was back in December. On February 27 the Forest Service held a public meeting in Santa Barbara. It was presided over by the Regional Forester, an elderly gentleman who looked like a major general but who described himself as a bureaucrat.

He watched with a calm, cold eye while the Forest Service's road project was severely criticized by conservationists, including me and my wife, and by a number of experts in the fields of botany, ornithology and land use. Proponents of the road seemed to feel that they were being undemocratically excluded from the wilderness, though everyone, including the Forest Service, knows that a wilderness area, like a woman, loses its character permanently if it is visited by too many lovers.

One ardent proponent of the road suggested that condor lovers might keep a few stuffed condors around town that they could love. This one made even the Regional Forester look uncomfortable. But at the end of the meeting he stated that there were extremists on both sides and that his decision would fall between the two extremes. Which seemed to imply that he would decide to ruin the wilderness just a little, for the present, and permit the condor to survive for a few more years, perhaps.

The Supervisor's Assistant spoke to me on the way out of the meeting. "Another day," he said cheerfully.

On March 21 the Regional Forester announced that he would defer his decision on building the road until its effect on the survival of the condor had been studied further.

END



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A case of gin in Vegas

High-stakes players from all over the country attended the Las Vegas tournament, won by a stockbroker named Manny Rose

Every year in March, Manny Rose visits Las Vegas. He goes there not to gamble, nor even to watch the shows and sun himself by the pool. No, Manny Rose goes to Las Vegas to play gin rummy, a nice cozy game of gin rummy with only about 700 other cardplayers, all of whom would rather play than breathe. This is the annual Las Vegas gin rummy tournament, a high-stakes game for high-stakes players. Manny Rose had played in the tournament six times before, and he had never won. But two weeks ago, on his seventh try, Rose won the big pot, \$20,565.

There were 740 players in the tournament this year, carpenters, film producers, truckers and salesmen from Pennsylvania, Utah, Mexico and California. Each paid a \$100 entry fee to play the game. Manny Rose, who is a stockbroker

from Sherman Oaks, Calif., flew to Las Vegas with his wife Marilyn. He had made no special preparation for the tournament, simply following his normal routine of weekend gin rummy at his country club and an occasional friendly game with the wife.

For two days Rose and the other contestants, scattered throughout 10 Las Vegas hotels, played 16 games of gin rummy each, 200 points a game. Gin is played straight in Vegas: no bonus for each box, no doubling of points if the up card is a spade. The four players from each hotel with the best won-lost records qualified for the final round of 40. Manny Rose had a 13-3 record, qualifying easily.

From 40 the group was pared to 32, then halved to 16. That's when William Singer was discovered. Tournament

officials are always on guard against the pro. Card detectives prowling the playing rooms, looking for "mechanics," listening for the telltale break in the rhythm of shuffling and dealing that indicates a dishonest dealer is at work. On registering for the tournament, each contestant must declare that he has not been employed in a Las Vegas gaming house during the last five years. William Singer was recognized as a man who had worked in a local casino a year and a half ago. Singer protested and later sued, but officials threw him out.

Manny Rose had his closest call in the semifinals when he played a California farmer named Mitford Crinklaw, who once reputedly made a \$100,000 bet that it wouldn't rain for 30 days. The Rose-Crinklaw semifinal, one game of 400 points, was close all the way. Crinklaw finally edging into the lead at 391-390. "I wasn't nervous at all," said Rose later. "I just figured the next hand would be it, one way or the other."

Rose picked up three 7s, a king-jack of hearts, two aces, a 2, a 3 and a 9. "Queens were discarded early," Rose said. "I drew a jack and kept it. Then I drew another card and, bingo, the queen of hearts had come home. I threw the odd jack and knocked for seven. I think I caught him with about 30 points. I was in the finals."

Rose's opponent in the finals was Phil Tanzini of Los Angeles, owner of a Sunset Strip nightclub known as the Whiskey à GoGo. Tanzini is a member of the famed Beverly Club, best-known gin rummy den in the country. In his semifinal match, Tanzini had picked up a ran of good hands and had sailed through Vernon Kieve, a construction worker from Minneapolis, in 25 minutes.

The final was carried on closed-circuit television, the big eye staring impassively at the cards, the players, the table. Marilyn Rose watched the first four hands and then, unable to bear it, paced the hallways for the rest of the game. For a while the score was close, but gradually Rose moved ahead and won easily 505-247.

When it was over, Rose picked up a \$12,000 check for winning, plus another \$8,565 for his share of a special sweepstakes. Then he and Marilyn got on a plane and flew home. The next day he was back at the country club playing a little gin rummy.

END



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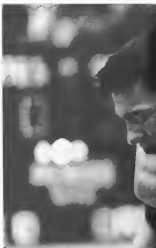


TWO GUYS NAMED JOE

continued from page 29

who scored four falls in a total of 16 minutes 54 seconds.

Before Oklahoma State grabbed the brass ring at Cornell there was an unusual number of upsets, for in wrestling the results generally follow form. The defending NCAA heavyweight champion, Jim Nance of Syracuse, went out in the quarter-finals, victim of a thick-waisted sophomore from Moorhead State named Bob Billberg. This heavy-thewed challenger seemed to care little that Nance was defending champion or that he had gone without defeat in 78 bouts, 38 of them in the toughest kind of college competition. Billberg played his formidable opponent like a master, using his 255 pounds of weight and the strength of his powerful legs to offset Nance's superior speed and grace. It was not a pretty match, and there was little scoring. The end came from an incident in the third period, when Billberg made a single-leg tangle. Nance backed off the mat in order to prevent a takedown and consequent loss of two points, and the referee thereupon awarded a point to Billberg, making it 2-1 in his favor. That was the way it was when the final buzzer sounded 31 seconds later.



The wrestler officially judged best in the

Nance remains eligible for the Olympic tryouts, of course, but indications are that he will not enter them. His ambition is to play professional football, and the Olympics cut into the football season this year.

For another upset, there was the 2-1 semifinal victory of Michigan's 137-pounder, Gary Wilcox, over hitherto unbeaten, top-seeded Bob Buzzard of Iowa State. Wilcox had had to defeat a sophomore teammate in preliminary wrestle-offs the week before to qualify for the team, and he came up against Buzzard with a modest dual-meet record of three wins and two losses. In the end Wilcox was eliminated by Oklahoma's Michael Sager.

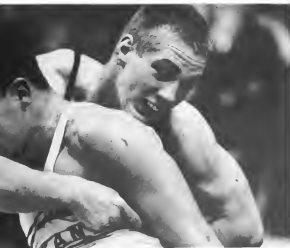
And Syracuse's 157-pound Dick Slutsky scored an escape and takedown in his final minute of the semifinals against Bill Lam of Oklahoma, who had himself surprisingly disposed of Jack Flasche of Colorado State in the quarter-finals. Flasche had been 1962 NCAA champion and was heavily favored. Then Slutsky himself was defeated by Iowa State's Gordon Hassman 9-7.

One of the more dramatic stars of the tournament, Harry Houska, Ohio Uni-

versity's 191-pound champion, keeps snakes in his fraternity room and, indeed, with his hypnotically waving head and green uniform, has somewhat the style of a cobra. Astonishingly swift, his pin average in 18 matches this season was 1½ minutes. But at Cornell he had to be content with a 6-3 decision over Oklahoma State's Jack Irlsco.

The ultimate match of the tournament pitted big boy Billberg against Joe James for the heavyweight championship. At 223 pounds James is by no means slight of build, but his weight is distributed classically, from broad, rippling-muscle shoulders to slim hips and thighs. His deliberate approach caused some nail-biting among the Cowboys. There were no points scored in the first period, but in the second, with James starting in the down position, the Oklahoma State wrestler scored an escape point almost immediately and followed this with a single-leg takedown for two more points. Thereafter he was always in front. The victory went to James 4-2, and with it the tournament to the Cowboys, who managed to amass 87 points against Oklahoma U.'s 58 and third-place Iowa State's 46.

END



Tournament was Colorado's Dean Labr, shown here (at right) trying to pin Marshall Desbrensen.



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Thousands of golf followers are once more set to descend on this spoof of a spa. There they will happily retest the theory that it takes more sportmanship—and courage—to face up to the challenge of Augusta and its Bon Air Hotel than it does to win the Masters by DAN JENKINS

MARC SIMONT

Augusta, Ga., has squatted on a red clay ridge along the Savannah River in the shade of enormous pine trees for 231 years. For most of these years it has tried to do more than just sit there, but things keep happening to Augusta. In 1735 James Oglethorpe had hardly hung his fur cap on a wisteria branch, declaring Augusta a trading post, when the Yuchi Indians started their raids. Surviving the raids was easier than surviving the Revolutionary War. Augusta was conquered so many times that both the British and the Continentals got bored crossing the river. Even in the Civil War, Augusta deserved a better historical footnote. It was the largest Confederate powder works, but General William Tecumseh Sherman, marching from Atlanta to the sea, didn't even bother to veer slightly north and burn it down.

Economically, unscorched Augusta had a perfect right to flourish after the war, because it had lumber and cotton and a river. And it did flourish for a while. But after the town had become a market and textile center, a member of what passed for the jet set in the 1880s decided that Augusta's sunny, invigorating winter climate was grand for bathing, porch sitting and polo. Augusta soon became a curiously fashionable if somewhat lazy spa, a place where U.S. Presidents sometimes hibernated. Augusta had just got accustomed to this idea, however, when something worse than Sherman's troops came along—something called the Florida boom. Florida's warmer climate made Augusta's winters seem like Stalingrad. Even if Augusta had been able to divert its energy back to industry, it would not have mattered then, for the Depression was about to swallow up a whole country, including Georgia.

For more than 30 years Augusta has been gamely fighting its own deterioration, but one thing it is never going to be again is a resort town that thrives on its guests. Thus Augusta is now a place that happens to its visitors.

Specifically, Augusta happens to its visitors during one infuriating, confusing and yet altogether hilarious week—

the first or second week of April, the week of the Masters golf tournament. This is the one week in which Augusta speaks, groans, growls, yowls, laughs and weeps. Overnight it combines all that is good and bad in Louisville during Derby Week and Pasadena during the Tournament of Roses. It manifests all of the fun, frolic, anguish and hysteria that would occur if the Democrats held their national convention in Pamplona, Spain when the bulls are running through the streets. A week in Augusta during the Masters is like a surrealistic dream.

Thirteen times I have lived this dream. Speak to me now of a Masters, and while you envision deep-green pines, luscious fairways and Bobby Jones, I envision—to pick a starting point—the Bon Air Hotel.

In Augusta the landmarks of a lost elegance are everywhere, but eventually almost every visitor is drawn through streets of old Georgian and Classic Revival homes to the crest of a hill where the massive, wrinkled, 372-room Bon Air is exposed above a meandering drive of dark magnolias. The Bon Air gazes, like the Sphinx, upon Augusta and its newish tone of short-order cafes, car washes and drive-ins. Old and rambling, the Bon Air's whitewashed face looks most immediately at something that tells the entire story, the almost always dry cavern of its own swimming pool. The pool, located in a courtyard where Presidents Taft, Wilson, Harding and Coolidge once took their ease, has occasionally been filled in Masters week, filled with green water on which floated paper cups and hats and other strange baubles. In 1961 a motorboat sat foolishly on the surface with a sign that said "Muttimer for Sheriff." (Muttimer won.)

At night during the Masters, as music grinds from speakers on the upstairs porch, as wandering couples lean against the walls, as ancient waiters in white coats tumble drowsily through the dining room, the Bon Air conjures up the atmosphere of a Riviera palace the evening before World War I began. One of the jokes about Augusta is that

President Wilson declared war on Germany after his room at the Bon Air put him in the mood. There are an awful lot of jokes about the Bon Air, because the sort of stay-at-your-own-risk attitude that has governed life there—and at most other Augusta hotels and restaurants—has become as much a part of the Masters as the divots taken out of the Augusta National Golf Club's velvet turf.

In many curious ways the Bon Air is the Masters. It is the most famous survival school of all the places that have for years tried to pass themselves off as Augusta hotels, and it is not unsymbolic that when one begins his first approach to the Bon Air there are red patches of blooming azaleas which lie against the lawn like the blood of a thousand vanquished guests.

While the Masters is the cornerstone of any present-day Augusta rebirth, it is a chipped cornerstone, for this first major outdoor sports event of each spring has been understandably too big for the city—now 70,000—to handle ever since the tournament grew so important after World War II. Nonetheless they come, 100,000 golf enthusiasts each year, entering into the gold, green and red beauty of an early April in Georgia, always with a mystical forgiveness and a renewed hope of and for a better-equipped Augusta. And each year they find it basically the same.

First, of course, they discover that the Bon Air still endures. Owners of the property, on the fringe of a fine old neighborhood not two miles from the golf course where the Masters is played, may come and go, and hotel managers may do the same, but the building stays. The Bon Air has, in fact, another new owner this year. It is a Houston realty company, which is gradually converting it into a residence for the elderly, catering to senior citizens at \$125 per month for room and board. For the past four years the Bon Air has been closed most of the year, reopening only for the Masters. "That's wrong," says Jessie Outlar of the *Atlanta Constitution*. "The Bon Air has always been closed. They've

continued



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only charged money to stay there during the tournament."

Most Masters guests remember the Bon Air for its décor, which at best could be described as Early Insanity. Take last year. The sofas and chairs still needed reupholstering, the chandeliers still had not been dusted since Bobby Jones defeated Eugene Homans at Merion and the carpet on the stairs was thin as a shirtsleeve. In far-off corners of the sprawling lobby were drooping potted palms that needed water even more than the swimming pool. Long jagged scars crawled across the plaster ceiling. In other years the plaster had been peeling, if not dripping—at times in frightening chunks. Still stretched across the broad arch leading into the dining room were yards of ornamental iron trim, more common to the balconies of Louisiana courtyards. The halls still sloped awkwardly toward rooms numbered in such fascinating sequences as 352, 353, 362.

Most of the rooms at the Bon Air are wide enough so that by turning sideways a guest can walk between the bed and the dresser. Windows are of two types. If, upon entry, a window is up it is not likely ever to come down, especially if the evening is brisk. On the other hand, if the window is down, it will never go up, and Augusta evenings can be stifling.

But the real fun is a Bon Air bathroom—at least it always was in my extended experience under previous Bon Air managements. (The new Texas ownership reputedly has done some work on the plumbing.) The bathroom was usually shared with a family of four from Savannah. If it happened to be larger than the bedroom, that was good, because it left plenty of room for all of the strange people who came marching through it in search of the next day's tournament pairings. The tub and the basin were never worth much. The basin would not have any hot water, and the tub would have only in-between water. In either case, the water gushed out of the faucets with the fury of eyewash from a dropper. The water had variety. There was burnt-orange water, pink water, red water and water with lumps in it. One learned it was easier not to bathe. Even if burnt-orange, pink or red

water came out, after a great groaning noise that seemingly began in the basement and worked its way upward, causing an extreme vibration in the floor, there would be no towels. And no one, of course, wanted to waste the one tiny sliver of soap, most likely left behind by some carpetbagger.

Nor would a guest be likely to obtain soap and towels by phoning for the maid. Bon Air maids are where you find them, and they usually respond to any plea by locking the guest in his room. No one knows why. It simply happens that way. One morning Jim Turnesa, the former PGA champion, started out of his room with ample margin to make his tee-off time. But he did not get out. Repeated pleas by phone that he was locked in eventually produced a carpenter who had to take the whole door off to free Turnesa.

He arrived at the course just in time, and in the same jovial mood as thousands of others who have gone to the Masters every day, every year, from the quaint old Bon Air.

The Bon Air offers other surprises. Bob Drum, a former newspaperman from Pittsburgh, once sent the only good suit he had brought to Augusta out to be cleaned. Drum is a big man, who wears a size 46. Two days later an aging valet returned a size 40 suit, roughly the same color. Drum explained his problem to the valet and received appropriate apologies, but not his suit. Drum's suit turned up two weeks later, and the Bon Air was pleased to mail it to him—uncleaned.

The place has a way with shoes, too. Two years ago Bud Shrake, a writer from Dallas, sent a pair of brown loafers to the valet to be shined. A day passed. Two days passed. The tournament was in its final round on Sunday. Shrake went in search of his shoes. The valet shop was closed. Well, he would get them Monday as he was leaving for the airport. The valet shop was still closed. Shrake went to the manager. The valet shop, he was told, was separate from the hotel and no one had a key or any authority to break in. Worse, the manager did not know how to find the owner. Shrake finally persuaded a chambermaid

continued



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to try her key on the valet shop and, not too surprisingly, it worked. Shrike got his shoes—unpolished.

The hotel has an attitude of convivial goodwill about all this that somehow makes any show of anger by a guest seem boorish. It is like being in the Army—you might as well laugh. When Shrike wrote a newspaper column about his Bon Air misadventures the management congratulated him on his accuracy and posted the story in the lobby.

Sleeping at the Bon Air has long been difficult, for reasons other than the heat or the cold or the hardness of the beds. It is noisy. Not the least amount of noise sometimes is caused by the clacking of high-heeled shoes going down the fire escape outside a guest's window at 4 a.m. David McCahill, a former USGA committeeman from Pittsburgh, once had two couples enter his room in the dead of night through a window and leave by the door with mild apologies. "I never knew how many others came through that didn't wake me," he said.

All of these things combined to urge Jim Murray, columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, to express for every Bon Air guest the proper feeling a year ago. Wrote Murray: "I am staying at the house on Tobacco Road that Jeeter Lester moved out of."

But the Bon Air was not always a place where the safest way to spend an evening was to take a burnt-orange sponge bath, dry off on a bedsheet and lie down to listen to the argument in the next room. All of the professional golfers and their wives who went to the Masters prior to World War II looked upon the Bon Air as one of the most pleasurable stops on the tour. "It was like Pinehurst," says Valerie Hogan, the wife of Ben. "We used to dress for dinner at the Bon Air. It was really very elegant in those days," says Louise Nelson, Byron's wife.

Even in the early '50s, when the Masters was growing into the second most important championship in the country—second only to the U.S. Open—the Bon Air was the place to be, and to be seen. A majority of the contestants still were lodged there, and at night they loitered in the lobby in bronze faces and

white sport coats. Great throngs of people surged through the place, staggering out of rooms where not-so-private parties were under way and pushing into the small bar that adjoined the vast dining hall. There were pleasant sounds: the throb of a Dixieland band on the main floor, or a cool jazz combo downstairs in the breakfast room, where the chairs bore the names of famous golfers, or an orchestra in the ballroom. The Golf Ball was (indeed, still is, but in hardly recognizable form) held at the Bon Air on the Saturday night of the tournament. This was a formal affair, honoring the winners of a beauty contest, and the lobby spilled over with pretty young girls in yellow, pink and blue lace dresses, escorted by gangling, uncertain boys. It was busy, noisy, confusing and fun. But one week of lavish success and 51 weeks of desolation was too much for the Bon Air to bear—and aside from Masters week, Augusta was by now just another town that vacationers flew over on the way to Florida. The Bon Air lost its status as official host to the players, exhausted the means and patience of three owner-ships, went bankrupt in 1960 and has opened and closed four times since—all on behalf of the Masters. Now it is open again, with 15 elderly guests who are trying its retirement charms, and a sellout crowd for next week. It will even have linen service this year—unlike 1963. But rooms will not have telephones.

The Bon Air's decline into disreputability was exceeded—hard as it is to believe—by its neighbor across the street, the Partridge Inn. The Inn was known by insiders as the Tennessee Williams Arms. In 1959 a man from Fort Worth recalls being ushered into a room at the Partridge with his wife, and facing instant divorce. The windows were open. There were no screens and birds lived on the sagging balcony. The glass of one window was shattered and pieces were sprinkled on the floor. The bed had no sheet or spread, and the mattress contained a huge burned hole, about a foot in diameter, in the center. The couple had been brought up in the Partridge's only elevator, which is no larger than the ordinary shower stall and which travels, as if pulled by threads, at a speed of one

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AUGUSTA cartoon

foot per minute. Oblivious to the shambles of the room, the porter kindly said, "If yawl need anything now, you call right downstairs."

Downstairs last year was almost as amusing as upstairs, which had changed very little. On the ground floor of the Partridge there is a bar, the name of which changes from year to year. This time it was called the Key Club. But on the door was a piece of cardboard taken out of a man's shirt from whatever laundry in Augusta returns shirts, and on it in crayon had been carefully written

"Dinning Room." Business was better than the spelling. This year, however, the Partridge has been redecorated, and who knows what awaits the guests?

Is there no way to escape Augusta's lodges? Only two. An attempt can be made to get into one of the increasing number of motels being built within range of the course. The best-established of these, the Holiday Inn, even had a putting green, but its surface was maintained in the Bon Air tradition. The green—now gone—was harder than the motel driveway, and no one had been



Once a posh affair, the Golf Ball has suffered the same decline as its surroundings, but golf fans using various grips try to ignore the décor and dance on.



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seen putting on it since the night three years ago when two drunks were observed at midnight playing for \$5 a hole. Many of the Masters players stay at the Holiday Inn, but they practice their putting on the carpets.

The second alternative is pleasant still. Augusta boasts a fine residential area on its eastern edge, not far, ironically, from the Bon Air and the Partridge Inn. It has huge old southern homes and many modern ones, and renting them has become Augusta's answer to the Depression. The going rate for one of the big ones is \$1,000 and up, complete with servants—the Chamber of Commerce provides invaluable help as to rates and listings—and these homes are understandably in great demand at any price. Two, four and as many as eight couples get together and share the expense of renting a house, thus protecting themselves from the crowded unpleasantness of the hotels and restaurants. Advertisers, publishers, TV men, golf club manufacturers and groups of newspapermen are among the types who have discovered, all too slowly they now admit, that a private home is the best of all possible worlds in Augusta. And the golfers themselves have made the same change. Arnold Palmer will pay \$600 or so for a smallish house this year. Gary Player had a house the year that rain delayed the Masters, and he ran into one of the hazards of home renting—the extra day's rent can sound like a good share of the purse money.

The taking over of the big homes has done wonders for the social life at the tournament. In the evening along the streets the lights from the two- and three-story houses glow through the pine trees, and automobiles line the curbs. It looks as if dozens of wedding receptions were in progress. Almost any stranger can walk uninvited into one of the parties and be riotously welcomed, handed a drink and led into the backyard, where a blistered chef in a golf shirt, such as Toney Penna at the MacGregor house, is turning steaks with one hand and enthusiastically demonstrating Jack Burke's grip with the other.

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	F2W14	24.50	18" x 14"	2
Evinrude, Johnson, 90-115	F2W16	37.00	18 1/2" x 10 1/2"	2
	F2W17	37.00	18 1/2" x 12"	2
	F2W18	39.00	19 1/2" x 10"	2
	F2W19	39.00	19 1/2" x 11"	2
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few fairly safe alternatives: the Town Tavern restaurant downtown and the Red Lion, to name a couple.

Eating at the Town Tavern is an athletic event in itself. By Augusta standards, the food is exquisite, and so is the pain of getting in to eat. The Town Tavern is a narrow, dark restaurant with a row of booths on the left and a tiny bar on the right as one enters, and tables down the center. Upstairs there are three other dining rooms. Autograph seekers may find some of the top players there, but the process of eating at the Town Tavern involves six things: pushing inside the entrance, getting a number for a table, finding space to stand at the bar while waiting for your number to be called, tackling a waitress without alienating her affections, having the food served, getting a check. Minimum time: three hours.

The Red Lion also has an upstairs, which it tries to hold back for groups of six, eight or 10. Last year six men stood on Saturday night of the tournament for one hour, were directed upstairs, waited 30 minutes for a menu, ordered elaborately and never even got any water. One of them eventually complained to a fast-moving waitress. "I ain't got but two hands," she said, moving even faster. The men left with a minimum of displeasure, switched to a drive-in down the street, produced an order that staggered the attendant and ate in a rented car.

Other starving fans besiege the numerous short-order places. At one of them a fry cook scrambled so many eggs between 6 p.m. and 3 a.m. one night that he finally broke into tears. The crowds were still lined up outside when the cook went to the phone, dialed a number and said between soft sobs, "Clarence, if I . . . don't get some hep over heah . . . I don't know . . . what I gonna do . . . You git somebody over heah now, you heah?" One can only hope Clarence came through.

Once the Masters visitor is conditioned to all of the challenges of lodging and meals, there comes, of course, the biggest challenge of all: trying to see the tournament and, more important, trying to survive while seeing it. All other

continued



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estimates to the contrary, the largest golf galleries in the world are at the Masters. Also the fastest, gaudiest, nerviest and most responsive. Over the great emerald valley of the Augusta National Golf Club, these galleries advance like the Mongol hordes. Arriving by airlines, private plane, train and automobile, they spread across the course's hills and mounds, making a giant smear of a mosaic, sprawling on the rich turf, on the pine needle beds beneath the mammoth pines or in the parking lot, which accommodates 10,000 cars, but becomes a marshland when it rains. (Masters weather is predictable. In the four days of the tournament proper it will rain, get cold, turn hot and become windy.)

While the throngs come from everywhere, mostly they are southern. Their god is still Bobby Jones, who built the course and originated the tournament, and they stand ready to defend his honor at all times. Until 1948 Jones played in his own tournament, and his followers frequently outnumbered those of the leaders. Jones was never a threat at all to win, but that made no difference to Georgians. Charles Bartlett, a Masters-wise golf writer, recalls the time he stood by the 10th tee, watching Henry Picard play through. "Picard has the smoothest swing in golf," Bartlett said to a friend. Whereupon a southern gentleman rapped him smartly with an umbrella. "Suh," the man said, "don't you realize Bobby's still plain?"

As recently as 1959 Art Wall, who was destined to win the Masters that year, was leaning (carefully leaning) against a pillar in the Ben Air lobby—the one near the dying palm plant—when he was unexpectedly confronted by a sun-bleached fan. "Ain't you Art Wall?" Art nodded. "You the man who's s'pose to have made 35 hole-in-ones?" Art nodded. "Why, man, who you kiddin'?" Bobby didn't make but two!"

In the last 10 years the Masters crowds have expressed their unconcealed joy over just three other golfers: Sam Snead, Ben Hogan and Arnold Palmer. In that curious interlude of golf between 1954 and 1958 when no player really took charge of the game because Snead and Hogan were too old to win consistently

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and Palmer was too young, the bulk of the Masters galleries still followed Sam and Ben, as they had Bobby. It was as if, through some divine order, one of them had to win. It was in 1961, after Palmer had twice won the championship, that Arnie's Army was born—born in Augusta and fully mobilized. As Palmer pursued Gary Player over the final nine holes of that Masters, the throngs were at their trampling, shouting, hurdling best. Once, as Arnold bent over a putt, a voice from the crowd blurted, "Make this one, bubba, and you da leada of da tribe!" And it was on the big scoreboard near the 11th green that a sign was posted, "Go get him, Arnie."

Even though the Masters committee has struggled to manufacture vantage points—mounds, knobs, grandstands—no one can truthfully claim that he or she has followed a Masters star and seen all of the shots on all of the holes of a round. Through years of experience, the fan finally may settle on this system for the last nine holes: pick up the leader on his approach shot to the 11th green, watch him play 12 and 13, dash to the 15th green, dash to the 17th, forget 18. Aside from the cameramen on top of the towers and the few hundred spectators who grab places at the edge of the green and sit there from dawn on, no one in 20 years has seen the putting surface of the 18th green. A true Masters follower never says he saw Palmer win in such-and-such a year; he says he was *there* when Palmer won. It is a neat distinction.

But in the end, survival in Augusta, like survival at Guadalcanal, can be learned. With an indomitable stomach, indomitable feet and an indomitable sense of humor, the restaurants, the galleries and the living quarters can all be conquered. And who really worries, anyway, when there is the prospect of seeing—just for a fleeting second—a Palmer walking down an Augusta fairway amid a Georgia springtime? You soon get a feeling for the Masters, and nothing will daunt you. Yea, Bobby! Dust the switchboard, Bon Air! Grease up the skillet, Town Tavern! Vote for Mutimer! Next week is the Masters, and Augusta's the place for me.

END



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The Squabblor of the Squash Courts



Vic Niederhoffer brought a touch of Brooklyn rowdiness to Harvard and a traditionally genteel game

by REX LARDNER

The progress of Victor B. Niederhoffer, Harvard '64, among American squash players has surprised a lot of people, but not Vic Niederhoffer. Beaten only once in the past two years as No. 1 on Harvard's undefeated squash team and the winner of three major squash championships this year, Niederhoffer thinks he is unbeatable and clamors loudly for justice when his shots go awry. Consequently, on those rare occasions when he loses a tournament, squash lovers are delighted. Niederhoffer could not care less. "He's the Ty Cobb of squash," says his coach at Harvard, Jack Barnaby. "He'd chew glass to win. Nothing matters but victory."

The phenomenal thing about Nieder-

continued



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The Squabbler *continued*

hoffer, now captain of the Harvard team, is that four years ago he had never played squash, nor did he even know the name of the game. He had been an outstanding tennis player at Lincoln High School in Brooklyn and so, when he arrived at Harvard in the fall of 1960, he looked up Barnaby, who doubles as tennis coach.

"I'd like to take up this what-do-you-call-it, the other game you coach," Niederhoffer told him. Barnaby blanched but led him to a court, where he handed him a racket and showed him how to swing it. Squash is a game of sudden angles and consternating spins. As several members of the Harvard squash team watched in delight, Niederhoffer ran around the court like a mouse in a maze, trying to catch up to a ball that was always out of reach. "He was always headed the wrong way," recalls Barnaby. "We really had a laugh."

Vic Niederhoffer didn't think it was very funny, however. Squash is an excellent game to practice alone, and Niederhoffer began to spend almost as much time on the court as he did in class. "I play classical piano and the clarinet," he explains. "I looked upon squash as another art form. I practiced it the way I would practice Hanon finger exercises—straight drop, rip corner, slice corner, Philadelphia boast, cross-court drop. All of them, over and over, until I could hit them all well." One afternoon Barnaby found him on the court trying to follow instructions from a book on English squash that he had borrowed from the library. English squash is about as close to American squash as Rugby is to pro football. Barnaby confiscated the book.

Barnaby noted, however, that Niederhoffer's drive for perfection was beginning to show results. By the time the season started he had become good enough to make the Harvard freshman team.

In those early days of his squash career Niederhoffer's court conduct was as primitive as his strokes. The usual behavior of squash players is necessarily honeyed with courtesy, since the game is played in a small room with a racket that can lay open a man's cheek like a scythe. If, in the small confines of a squash court, a player blocks his opponent's path to the ball, the point is generally replayed. Except when Niederhoffer was playing. Niederhoffer, according to Freshman Coach Corey Wynn, was always "handballing it," that is, intentionally blocking off opponents from the

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ball—a legitimate tactic in handball.

It is not unnatural that Niederhoffer should have hit upon handballing as a squash tactic, for as a youth he spent his summers at Brighton Beach in Brooklyn, where one-wall handball and one-wall paddleball were—and still are—the reigning games. He was a natural. At 10 he could beat all the local champions at paddleball, and it was at this age he picked up his rough and ready tactics. "You learned to get up quickly after falling," he recalls. "Most players would step on your hands if you left them there. It was also routine to argue about questionable decisions. If you didn't, you lost."

When Vic was 12 his father bought him a tennis racket and before long he was winning local tournaments. His reflexes and daring were such that, in doubles, he became noted for charging forward when a lob was about to be smashed by an opponent, volleying the ball rather than playing it defensively.

At Harvard, Niederhoffer's instinct for putting pressure on his squash opponents, combined with his natural ability at racket games, helped him move up from No. 60 player to No. 2 by the end of his freshman year. He got so he liked squash better than tennis, because it required more thinking. "In tennis," he says, "one or two shots generally end the point—you make your placement or you miss. In squash, you initiate a combination of shots, gradually working your opponent out of position, and then slam home, or drop in, the winner."

In his sophomore year Niederhoffer became Harvard's No. 1 player and, to the astonishment of Barnaby, won the National Junior championship. He also won the intercollegiate invitation championship and the Massachusetts State title—the first college player to win that tournament in 28 years.

Realizing he had not just a good, but a great, squash player under his nose, Barnaby began teaching Niederhoffer the difficult up-and-back game (as opposed to a retriever's or a slammer's game).

The up-and-back game consists mainly of mixing up long shots that hug the side walls with soft touch shots that glance off the side and front walls.

Armed with his up-and-back game, Niederhoffer won the Gold Racquets and the Harry Cowles Invitation tournaments in his junior year. This year he entered the U.S. Open, losing a close match in the semifinals to Hashim Khan, considered by most people to be the

continued



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The Squabbler continued

greatest squash player in the world. A fierce competitor, Khan complimented Barnaby on Niederhoffer's obsession to win. "You coached that boy good," he said. "He takes the game serious."

Niederhoffer's court temperament has improved with his game, but he still has to wrestle with it. He protests volubly whenever he thinks an opponent has blocked his way, a carryover from his old Brighton Beach days. If he misses a shot he feels he should have made, he flings his left arm toward heaven and raises his head in an arabesque of despair. "He's the most competitive player I've ever faced," says Canadian Champion Smith Chapman. In the National Squash Rackets tournament at Annapolis last February, Niederhoffer made squash history during his semifinal match with Henri Salaun, four-time national champion. Feeling he should be winning, Niederhoffer repeatedly shouted "Let!" to the referee, claiming that Salaun got in his way, was stepping on his heels when he moved toward the ball and interfering with his racket when he swung. "He wants me to get out of the court," Salaun murmured on one occasion. Salaun is a notably courteous player—to the point where, against many opponents, he places himself at a disadvantage. He has not hit anybody with his racket in years, but one of his swings caught Niederhoffer in the forehead, and time was taken for it to be bandaged. Finally the referee, as flustered as the players, stopped play and told the pair their conduct was disgraceful. The crowd applauded. "I'm getting gyped!" Niederhoffer cried a moment later. This was like spilling a Martini on a duchess. Barnaby rasped from his seat. "Stop fighting the referee and fight Salaun." Niederhoffer's concentration was off, however, and he lost in five hard games. The next day a weary Salaun lost to Ralph Howe of Locust Valley, N.Y. in the final.

Since Niederhoffer's game is still improving, it is not unreasonable to suppose that someday he will be the best player in the world, amateur or pro. There are not many more refinements that Coach Barnaby can teach him, except to have more faith in referees. After one outburst a couple of years ago, Barnaby told his young star: "It's better to be a good person than a good squash player." Vic Niederhoffer is not quite convinced.

END

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BATTING ANALOGUES

Sirs:

Earnshaw Cook has written a book utterly detrimental to baseball (*Baseball as Played All Wrong*, March 23). If all the teams used his proposed system, each coach would know exactly what the other team was about to do, the peanut vendors would start selling completed box scores before the game started and baseball would lose all its color and fascination.

If baseball adopts this system, I'm for a rousing, unpredictable game of chess!

JIM WHITE

Toronto

Sirs:

There seems to me to be an obvious flaw in Earnshaw Cook's "Chances of Scoring" table. It is based, he says, on "750,000 actual situations that occurred over 10 years of major league play." But these situations included the very tactics he now would eliminate, such as the sacrifice bunt, the standard baiting order and the go-as-far-as-you-can pucher. Eliminate them and the scoring table is bound to change.

DAN JENKINS

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sirs:

Mr. Cook's theory could lead to a very interesting paradox. What would happen if every major league team did away with the sacrifice bunt? When a player reached base the logical thing for the infielders to do would be to play deep and look for a double play. With the infield back, the sensible thing for the batter to do (especially if he is a speed merchant such as Maury Wills, Willie Davis, Luis Aparicio or Al Weiss) would be to bunt.

Thus by eliminating the bunt Earnshaw Cook is creating a situation where the bunt would become popular. The bunt is here to stay.

JEFFREY GRAFF

Lincolnwood, Ill.

Sirs:

I heartily approve of Mr. Cook's approach to baseball theory and strategy. I do find one major fallacy in his analysis, however, i.e., platooning the pitchers. It appears that Mr. Cook has overlooked the fact that there are two basic ways to win baseball games: 1) to score more runs than the opposition (the offensive approach that Mr. Cook's theory is based upon) and 2) to allow the opposition fewer runs than you score (the defensive approach, à la the '63 Dodgers).

Thus Mr. Cook's statistical argument for platooning pitchers in order to score 113

more runs per year does not attempt to account for the number of extra runs the opposition will score when the percentage-playing manager has to take out Sandy Koufax in the third inning after he has struck out nine straight men.

JAY DORNIN

St. Louis

Sirs:

I can just see the wistful ad of the future: "Immediate opening for baseball manager. Must have experience in analogue and digital computer systems. Will participate in a computer program project. Will assume complete responsibility for team-guidance system of second-division major league team. Once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for an ambitious man wishing to move to Boston."

R. W. CANAVAN

Westerly, R.I.

Sirs:

The whole idea is nutty. To think any percentage can apply, whether the batter is Mickey Mantle or Gino Cimoli, whether the pitcher is Sandy Koufax or Jim Duckworth, is insane. The chances of getting a runner home from third are greatly altered when the pitcher has a cold or the batter had an all-night argument with his wife.

Thank goodness the game of baseball can never be reduced to adding-machine accuracy. It's much more fun this way.

HERB GROSS

Wilmington, Del.

SHARE A CUP

Sirs:

Coles Phinizy's article about our Livingston brothers' campaign to capture the America's Cup (*Meet the Mad Livingstons*, March 16) was the most humorous article I've read for some time. The first tentative chuckle became a real belly laugh by the time the article was read through—especially when I realized that everything your correspondent said is true.

However, more important than that is the fact that Americans can laugh at us and still regard us with affection, because in the near future, and long-term scheme of things, your country and ours are inevitably going to be drawn closer together.

In a world that has largely forgotten how to laugh, we can do with more literary gems such as this one, and if Phinizy is ever in Melbourne again I'd like to meet him and share a cup of tea (hot or cold). As they used to say during the last war, "Advance Australia fair and God bless Uncle Sam."

HAROLD C. REID

Melbourne, Australia

CROW A LA MODE

Sirs:

With UCLA winning the NCAA title in embarrassingly easy fashion (*The Two-minute Explosion*, March 30), may I inquire where your basketball "experts" Underwood and DeFord have gone? To the *Ladies Home Journal*? Not once during the season were John Wooden's fleet and gutsy Bruins acknowledged to be the nation's best by *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* or the other eastern experts, yet they humiliated Duke, inundated Michigan and blasted Kansas State twice in running up their 30-game win streak. Your Dec. 9 Scouting Reports favored an overrated NYU with an even more pitifully overrated Barry Kramer to win it all. UCLA barely merited a mention as the 29th best team in the land. And who are you picking for the World Series? Washington?

DAVE DEXTER JR.

Hollywood

Sirs:

A banquet will be held for the myriad scotters of West Coast basketball, hosts Walt Hazzard and company will be especially pleased to entertain John Underwood and his fellow *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* prognosticators. The entrée will be crow.

MICHAEL KUTTNABER

Los Angeles

Sirs:

I suppose the UCLA fans will have a complaint or two but, looking back through your preseason basketball Scouting Reports, you seem to have acquitted yourself quite well—if you eliminate your No. 1 prediction for individualistic NYU. You hit Michigan (No. 3) perfectly, and Duke (No. 4) and Kansas State (No. 9) were reasonably close. And, indeed, champ UCLA proved to be a "surprise package"—as you labeled it. Villanova, Wichita, San Francisco and Loyola were all accurately tabbed in your predictive speculations. Congratulations on another reasonably sound predictive year.

ZENO MARTIN

Lafayette, Ind.

COCA-COLA TERRY

Sirs:

As a 16-year-old golf fan and captain of my high school golf team (average score in the 75 bracket), I found a great comparison between Tony Lemu's early life as described in your magazine (*Survival Training for a Rookie*, March 23) and my present life. When playing practice rounds, I sometimes play three balls. Arnold Palmer's, Jack Nicklaus' and mine. Always I seem to pull the upset.

My first taste of pressure came when I tried to qualify for the state high school

continued



A few words to young men who are never going to die

More power to you.

Death benefits? We won't mention them again. But how is your family going to get along if you're disabled? That *could* happen. And there is a very good way to protect your family in case it does. Disability insurance. It means we provide the income if you're laid up and can't work. Like all insurance — it feels good to know you have it. And it goes to show that there just isn't any excuse for not having a good insurance program. Not even immortality.

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Tony's tough watch is a Rolex Oyster Perpetual. Which means it's 100% proof against perspiration, dirt, dust, extreme temperatures, and water (even to an ocean depth of 165 feet). You've probably noticed how all the ads for waterproof watches (including ours) have a footnote in very small print that says "when case, crown and crystal are intact." Sounds kind of like an out, doesn't it? Well, it can be. With the Oyster Perpetual it isn't. Every Oyster component is engineered to stay intact, through all kinds of rigors. The crown is even constructed to remain hermetically sealed if the stem is pulled out under water. And the crystal is held in place by our specially designed retaining ring, making it "crackleproof" and completely free from internal stress. It would take a formidable blow to undo an Oyster Perpetual. (By the way, we made the first waterproof watch.)

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And it's a chronometer. Which means that this watch, with its 25-jewel mechanism, came out with flying colors after 15 days and nights enduring the inflexible ordeals of an Official Swiss Testing Station. Came out of it with a seal and a certificate attesting its maintenance of at least 99.98% accuracy throughout and after the grueling tests. (By the way, we made the first wrist chronometer.)

And this is the watch Tony Lema won't wear when he's competing. Sure, he loves his Rolex, and it's on his wrist almost all the rest of the time — when he's traveling or swimming or champagne drinking or such. But put it to the test? Let the whole sports world see what a pro of a watch he has during tournaments? Never! Tony says he just can't stand anything (except the glove) on his hands or arms while he's playing. (We say he's just babying his Rolex.)

If you want to really swing with this watch, see the best jeweler in your city. Tony Lema's Rolex is 14 K gold—case and bracelet. It costs \$495 including federal tax. The same tough watch is available in stainless steel or stainless steel/14 K gold combination from \$172.50. Send for free folder of sportsmen's watches . . . American Rolex Watch Corp., 550 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036.

ROLEX

18TH HOLE *continued*

championship. Just like Tony, I never slept the night before. Sure enough, the next day I blew up. Who knows, maybe I'll turn out to be another Champagne Tony. I sure hope so!

TONY GEORGE

Elizabeth, Pa.

LIVING LEGEND

Sirs:

As one of the avid admirers of Gordie Howe, I would like to thank you for your great article on this fine athlete (*The Who, What and Why of the Red Wings*, March 16). However, I don't think you are correct in saying he is a one-man team. It is admitted that without Howe Detroit would be in serious trouble. When Howe retires, the NHL will lose the greatest hockey player in the world. But the administrators of our team have realized that Gordie will someday hang up his skates. They have begun reaping the harvest of their minor league crop, with rookies like Pit Martin, Doug Barkley, Paul Henderson, etc.

JIM NEUBACHER

Detroit

Sirs:

Being only 29 years old, I've had to listen to an awful lot of oldtimers tell stories about the all-time greats like Cobb, Ruth, Red Grange, Bobby Jones, etc. who are almost legendary. It's a pleasure, as a hockey fan, to realize that the greatest hockey player of all time is playing right now. Even at the age of 35 (old for hockey), Gordie Howe continues to amaze me with some of the plays he makes and goals he scores. Hats off to a fine article and a fitting tribute to a fine man, a great player and a real credit to sports, and a real example to any aspiring young athlete of any sport. I enjoy all of your salutes to our modern-day greats (the Coussys, the Musulas, the Palmers, etc.) because I get just a little tired of hearing about the oldtimers and how great they were.

ROBERT J. KOTT

Detroit

TURNED TAILS

Sirs:

Being in the fisheries research field, I was glad to see your article on marine sport fish research (*A New Look Into the Sea*, March 9). However, it does include one statement which I believe should be corrected, i.e., that Atlantic coast yellowtail have nearly disappeared. Actually, yellowtail abundance dropped sharply in the late 1940s and early 1950s, the catch dipping as low as 12 million pounds in 1954. In subsequent years it has recovered remarkably; the 1963 catch of about 75 million pounds was the largest ever.

PAUL E. LUX

Bureau of Commercial Fisheries,
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pro has the answer.

Di Fini

GOLF ENSEMBLES FOR MEN AND
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... Exclusively!

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ORIGINALS

Shirts and Sweaters by
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New York, N.Y.

10TH HOLE continued

THE BEEF

Sirs:

I must take issue with the opinion expressed by Dr. Theron L. Hopple (19th Hole, March 9). Although it may be "painfully obvious" to Dr. Hopple that Communist countries are joining the Olympic Games for propaganda, it is even more painful to consider giving government aid to athletics.

The U.S. Olympic Committee's attitude is not "decadent." The attitude of those who wish to convert our athletes into tools of the Cold War, whose only mission in life is to win for the fatherland, is what is truly decadent. Government control of sports would drive those who compete for the love of sport out of organized competition.

BENNETT FLAX

New York City

Sirs:

What is the real beef? All this moaning about the Winter Olympics has me puzzled.

Eighth place is not a very high standing for the United States in the Winter Olympics, but I can't see that it matters much since the Olympics are supposed to be an individual testing, not an international scoring race. We did outstandingly in the Alpine events—for the first time we are a real power here. We can't always count on a lucky combination to do well in the hockey events. We have no reason to think of ourselves as a real contender in the speed skating, bobsled, Nordic or luge events as there are very few facilities in the United States upon which to build gold medal winners. Our status in figure skating has been explained and explained. I personally think that the United States team in Innsbruck was something of which to be proud. Their best efforts stacked against the best efforts of other winter sportsmen, pretty accurately reflect general United States interest and proficiency in the various sports represented.

Some people seem to wish to have our government start manufacturing athletes, and there are several private plans for making money available in order to do what is called "train and organize" our teams. Well, I'm all for Mr. Brundage and his ideas regarding the true nature of an amateur and his long effort to keep the Olympics for such amateurs. The concern could very profitably be channeled into more and better sports facilities for everyone. This is what makes more gold medal winners.

The nature of competitive sport insures a will to win in our Olympic team members. We seem to be telling them that they have to win, if not for themselves, for their country. Pretty shabby, says I, to handicap fine athletes in such a way. Here's hoping that our attitude toward the games in Tokyo will be better.

JANET K. FALES

Brooklyn

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center,
New York, New York 10020.

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dressed by Goodyear to businessmen who are in the market for truck tires. (SI at the end of 1963 was 2nd in Tires and Tubes, up 29% from 1962—the largest gain of any of the top five magazines). Leafing through the issue you will also find advertisements from four insurance companies (Equitable, Mutual Benefit Life, Mutual of New York, State Mutual Life Assurance).

In next week's issue (April 13) you will be seeing more ads in the business and corporate fields. GT&E will take another bow with its Electronic Secretary. The Bell System will give SI's readers another call with its Long

Lines businessman campaign. One of Chase Manhattan's famous "nest egg" ads will nestle in that issue, and the Piper Aircraft Corporation will run another of its pages on corporation-executive airplanes for business travel.

Last week, among other business and corporate ads, you may have seen the Foundation For Commercial Banks page. The Foundation's advertising agency, Guild, Bascom and Bonfiglio (in the person of Ewing R. Philbin, Jr.) wrote us not long ago: "We have received more mention of the advertising being noted in SI than in any other magazine on the schedule—which is deserving of some notice

Average Issue

Professional-Manual Audience

By Age—Under 50

U.S. Total: 10,750,000

	SI	Newsweek	Time	U.S. News
Number (000)	1,419	1,588	3,149	1,458
Number Per 100 Copies	147	107	111	118
C/M	\$5.07	\$5.82	\$5.12	\$5.11

Average Issue

Adult Male Audience

By Index of Social Position

Classes I & II Combined

U.S. Total: 7,565,000

	SI	Newsweek	Time	U.S. News
Number (000)	1,314	1,514	2,637	1,588
Number Per 100 Copies	136	102	93	128
C/M	\$5.48	\$6.11	\$6.12	\$4.69

Average Issue

Adult Audience—By Holding Stock in 10 or More Corporations

U.S. Total: 1,383,000

	SI	Newsweek	Time	U.S. News
Number (000)	196	159	358	392
Number Per 100 Copies	20	11	13	32
C/M	\$36.73	\$58.18	\$48.06	\$19.01

Average Issue

Professional-Manual Audience

By Industry, Federal,

State or Local Government

U.S. Total: 1,487,000

	SI	Newsweek	Time	U.S. News
Number (000)	203	293	403	235
Number Per 100 Copies	21	20	14	19
C/M	\$35.47	\$31.57	\$40.04	\$31.70

Average Issue

Male College Audience

U.S. Total: 721,000

	SI	Newsweek	Time	U.S. News
Number (000)	313	251	340	145
Number Per 100 Copies	32	17	12	12
C/M	\$23.00	\$36.85	\$47.45	\$51.38

since SI has the smallest circulation on our schedule."

From time to time—lately with greater frequency as business advertising itself appears more frequently in SI—these Memos have carried mention of advertising addressed to businessmen as businessmen. Now, to our pleasure, we learn that PIB figures show that in 1963 SI gained 40% in revenue and 42% in pages in just "corporate and association" advertising. SI in 1963 also carried 102 pages of business product advertising. It all adds up to the fact that one out of every eight pages of advertising which SI carried in 1963 was in the business and corporate area. Not bad for

Average Issue

Adult Audience—Written to

An Elected Official About

Some Matter of Public Business

U.S. Total: 10,224,000

	SI	Newsweek	Time	U.S. News
Number (000)	975	1,496	2,283	1,301
Number Per 100 Copies	101	101	80	106
C/M	\$7.38	\$6.18	\$7.07	\$5.73

Average Issue

Professional-Manual Audience

\$25,000 & Over Income

Corporate Officers, Directors,

Partners & General Managers

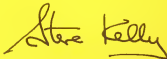
U.S. Total: 398,000

	SI	Newsweek	Time	U.S. News
Number (000)	85	91	143	104
Number Per 100 Copies	9	6	5	8
C/M	\$84.70	\$101.64	\$112.83	\$71.63

a magazine many people used to think of as strictly a "consumer" magazine.

And for the months and years to come we have every reason to be optimistic about the potentialities for corporate and business advertising in SI. Basic to SI's importance to business advertisers is, of course, the high-quality, influential market SI reaches. The charts on this memo show some salient features of that market for the statistics-minded.

For those of you who didn't bother to follow the mathematical wizardry, let me sum up quite simply what those charts say: SI has a superb audience for business and corporate advertising!



ADVERTISING SALES DIRECTOR

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We make only one kind of tire. Nylon. Inspect each one 154 times. And still make them one at a time, as we've been doing continuously since 1898.



When it's time to retire buy FISK[™]

The crowd
admires the
man with style



Ace—Pedwin's new moc has golden waxhide uppers that are as soft and plush as the 18th green. Two-tone thread in the handsewn front gives it that pro look. Score big with the Ace—at your Pedwin retailer's.

10⁹⁹ Other styles \$5.99 to 12.99. Pedwin Jr.'s for boys 7.99 to 9.99. All higher Denver West and Canada.

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ST. LOUIS

